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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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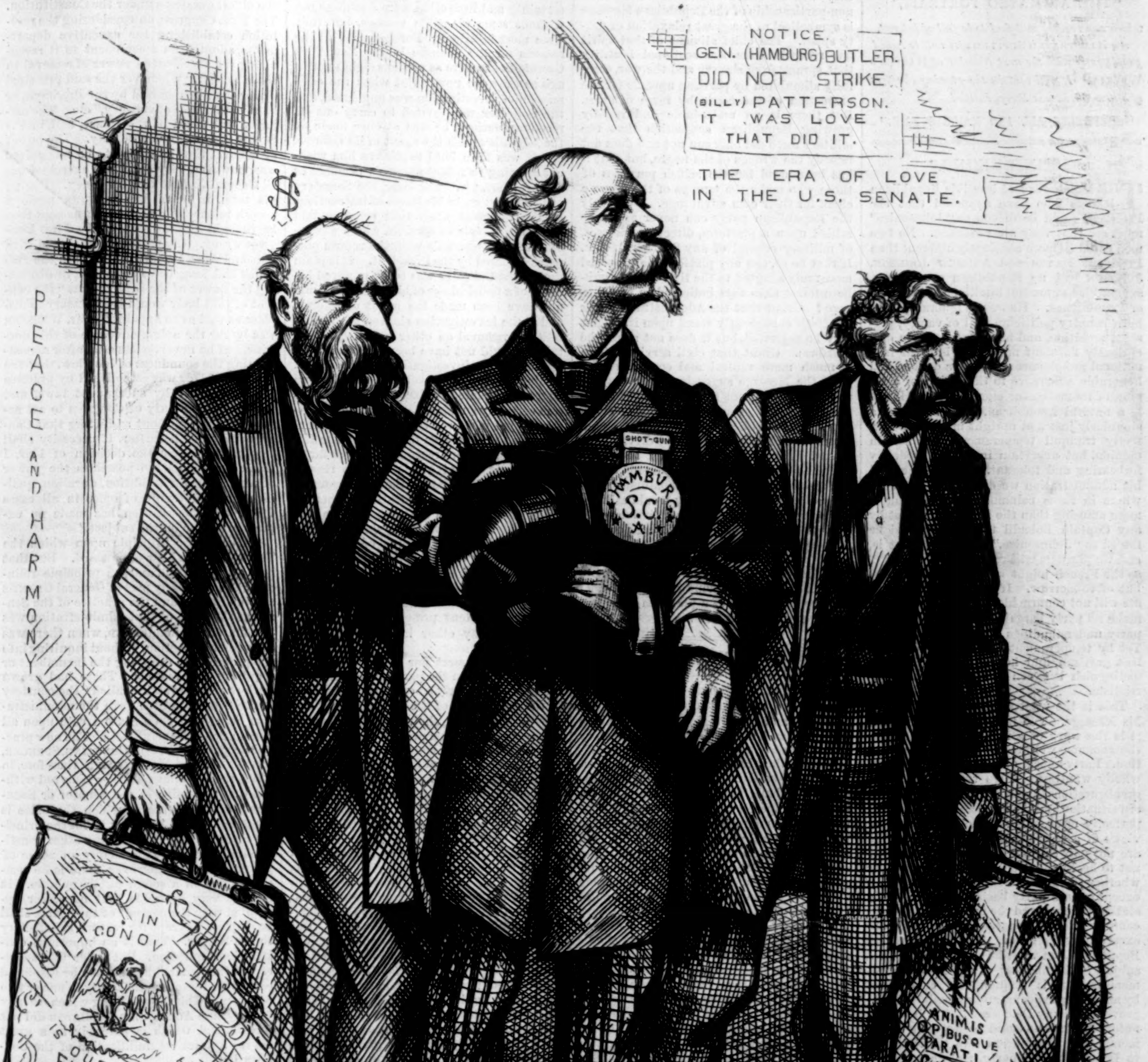

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an* EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT, *containing a humorous Christmas Story, called*

"THE ANIMATED PORTRAIT,"

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"SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR."

"JOHNSONIZING."

THE impetuous and irascible Republican leaders who have supposed that the President could be driven to "Johnsonize" must see that they are mistaken. No two men could be more absolutely different than President HAYES and ANDREW JOHNSON. JOHNSON had no Republican convictions, sympathies, or mutual intelligence with other Republicans. He was an ignorant, stubborn country politician, full of vanity, personal ambition, and bitterness—a man of a curiously flatulent mind, and brought into national prominence solely by a dogged and honorable adherence to the Union in a region of its malignant enemies. Mr. HAYES is a natural Republican, so to speak, of a singularly just and upright mind, of a perfectly tranquil temperament, resolute in opinion, but uncertain in action, modestly forbearing and tolerant. Some defects of his administration we discuss plainly elsewhere in these columns. But nothing is more amusing than the supposition that by any Captain Bobadil tactics he could be forced to "Johnsonize." The President is, and we presume will remain, a Republican, as the French might say, not of yesterday, but of to-morrow. If the Republican Senate will not confirm his nominations, he will make no party bargains nor enter into any party understandings with the Democrats. Yet by temperament he can not be a violent partisan, and he is perfectly able to distinguish between party spirit and patriotism.

This is the most striking distinction of his Message. The first impression is that it is the work of a man chiefly bent upon the common welfare by common co-operation. Party appeal and party argument are wholly wanting. Upon two of the three great questions that he discusses—the Southern situation and the finances—his views are perfectly clear and firm, but they are the views of a patriot, not of a partisan. We are not now considering whether he ought not to be, in the usual sense, a partisan, or whether the government can be carried on except upon a party basis. We are simply stating the fact, and the fact is most significant, because it suggests that parties are exceedingly disturbed. The President is a Republican, yet what he says upon the vital subject of the finances, of resumption, of remonetization, is unqualifiedly condemned by many Republicans, and unqualifiedly approved by many Democrats. Yet it is also notorious that unsound views upon paper money and repudiation owe their success to Democrats as a party, and are resolutely opposed by Republicans as a party. The Southern question is substantially closed, but that of the finances becomes more and more prominent. If parties are to have any other significance than that of combinations to secure office, if they are to represent great policies and measures, on what common ground can Senator BAYARD and General EWING presently stand, or Senator HOAR and General BUTLER? Mr. HOAR is stated to have professed his general agreement with the President in the Southern policy, without approving every act, and he certainly agrees with him upon the financial question. Upon two of the three most important political questions Mr. HOAR is, therefore, really in accord with the professions of the Democratic party of Massachusetts. We presume that Senator HOAR'S Republicanism is satisfactory. But the fact is certainly suggestive. No one will accuse the President in the financial part of his Message of "Johnsonizing," or deserting his party. He is, in fact, in no part of it more Republican.

Viewing the Message, then, as the paper of a Republican President, what do we find to be his view of Republicanism? Constitutional self-government of States; resumption of specie payments, with a gold standard; and reform of the methods of appointment and of political dictation in the civil service. Those are the three subjects that are paramount in the Message and in the public mind. Could the Republican party, could any party, occupy firmer ground? Even if dissensions among Republicans as to methods and details should rupture the party, a new political organization would certainly gather about those policies. No sane man believes that the success of the present Democratic party would secure honest money or administrative reform. They are essentially Republican demands, and if they can not be obtained under that name, they will be sought under another. The non-partisanship of the Republican Message is symbolical of the great relaxation of party spirit. The chief aliment of that spirit has recently been the sectional hostility that sprang from slavery and the war, carefully stimulated by partisan appeals for the protection of the negro by force of arms. But there is an undeniable and rapidly growing Republican conviction that the military force not only can not and does not remedy the wrongs of the negro, but that it has been used for the selfish purposes of those who make the wrongs of the negro a cloak for their own advantage. Obviously the Republican party can never again be rallied upon a platform, direct or indirect, of military control of any Southern State. If that be so, can any platform be proposed more truly adapted to the time and the public interest than that indicated in the Message? Grant that the Administration does not itself consistently stand upon it. That may be regretted, but it does not affect the platform. Grant that civil service reform is much more radical and comprehensive than the Message suggests. That may be true, but it does not touch the point. The Message takes ground upon which every patriotic Republican can securely stand. Should the President himself be driven from it, and by any sophistry should he be induced to surrender what he regards as the Executive right and duty of nomination, his view of that right and duty would still remain unassailable, and his conviction in regard to the evils of office-holding political mastery would still be that of a large and most intelligent body of Republicans. In any particular contest the opposition may prevail, but time will vindicate the wisdom and the expediency of a platform of honest money and honest reform.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE general approval of the declaration of the President upon the financial question, and the great confidence which the frank and able report of the Secretary of the Treasury has inspired, have commended the Administration to more decided sympathy, and, as friends of its professed purposes, we gladly take the opportunity of a little plain speech upon its position. No intelligent man denies to the President sound principles, good purposes, patriotism, and integrity. To a very large and powerful section of the Republican party his general policy of wise pacification and of correction of abuses in the civil service, to say nothing of his financial views, is most welcome. Why, then, has the Administration seemed so friendless? The answer is very simple and short. It is because it has not seemed to believe in itself. It has hesitated to justify the expectations it has aroused. Had it gone forward promptly, vigorously, and in good faith, in accordance with the principles of the inaugural address and of the letter of acceptance, proving by its works its faith in itself and its confidence in its friends, it would have found them to be a host, and defiant attack upon it from within the party would have been futile. The very first act of the President, the independent selection of his cabinet and his firmness in maintaining it, gave him a hold upon the public heart which the same resolution would have retained. The sole condition of a strong and enthusiastic support was the evident courage and conviction of the Administration itself. But there can be no followers without leaders. If those who were most earnestly looking could see no steady course, no plain principle in practice, they could not be expected, with all the good-will possible, to feel and act as if they did see such a principle and such a course.

The Administration, therefore, has itself chiefly to blame if for the time its party opponents seem to have prevailed. A contest, more or less severe, was inevitable, and the character of the probable opponents as well as of the probable friends of the Administration should have made it bold and aggressive, appealing to the patriotic intelligence of the party, as of the country, and showing plainly that a choice must be made. If, for instance, the policy indicated in the settlement of the Louisiana and South Carolina questions, and a real change in the system of appointments and of the office-holding control of politics, was to be firmly carried out, it was evident that certain Republicans would be in open or secret opposition. It could not be helped. They could not be conciliated. They would only despise and flout all overtures not based upon practical surrender. If, therefore, the policies mentioned were to be adopted, they should have been put in operation promptly and uncompromisingly. If, on the other hand, accommodation and harmony were to be sought, there should have been knowledge enough of the situation to perceive that harmony without surrender was impossible. The uncertainty and hesitation were doubtless not without some plausible reasons, but they were most injurious. For instance, all the reasons for the changes in the New York Custom-house were as obvious eight months ago as they are now. But when the commission of investigation was appointed, and the Collector was invited to carry out its recommendations, he was at once made by the Administration the agent of its reforms, and it was then hard to remove him without seeming to reflect upon his personal or official character. Moreover, the Secretary of the Treasury, in his letter of instructions to the Collector upon that occasion, laid down a principle of conduct which was essentially incompatible with the reform purposes declared by the President. It is plain that if the Collector was to be removed because of a political use of his office, he should not have been made the agent of reform; and if the investigation showed the desirability of removal on other grounds, he certainly should not have been made such an agent until the investigation was concluded. Again, the Naval Officer deliberately and flagrantly violated an Executive order. This was certainly an adequate reason for his removal; yet when the committee of the Senate asked the grounds for removal, the Executive department responded, but, so far as appears, did not give this decisive reason. The case of Mr. FILLEY, the postmaster at St. Louis, is another illustration. There is no "office-holder" in the country more conspicuous for his active manipulation of politics. He is a shining example of "the thing to be reformed," certainly as eminent as any of the New York officers. But they are removed, while he is re-appointed. No one, surely, will assert that there is any intelligent or consistent principle in such acts, and very many other instances could be cited.

We do not assert nor believe that they show bad faith on the part of the President, for he is a singularly sincere man, persuaded of the grave evils of the civil service. But they undoubtedly show confusion, uncertainty, and hesitation precisely at the points where definiteness, courage, and vigor are most demanded. And it is these things and such as these which chill ardor, and produce doubt and wonder and disappointment among the friends of the Administration, while they incite its opponents within the party to ridicule and contempt. The Administration, in its declarations upon pacification, the finances, and the civil service, is unquestionably sustained by the best sentiment of the country. Its professed principles are those upon which alone the continued welfare of the country depends. But as if inthralled by some mysterious spell, it seems to distrust itself, and half its actions discredit its professions. The country knows that the President has no personal or ulterior motives. It believes implicitly in his patriotism and integrity. Let him but have the courage of his convictions, and he will efficiently serve the great purposes he has at heart. The simple announcement of a few rules of action and their evident enforcement would have been very easy, and would have gone far toward practical reform. And it is certainly not too late for such an announcement. If, for instance, he should announce that, so far as depended upon the Executive department, no removals should be made except for personal or official reasons, including illicit political activity, and that in all such cases removal should be swift and sure; that vacancies of higher grade should be filled by promotion; and that expiring commissions should be renewed except for valid personal or official reasons; and if the action in all these cases were seen by all men to conform to the rule, a very great gain would be made. The Senate, indeed, would protest and interfere and obstruct, but wise and steady adherence to the principle, the nomination of unexceptionable men only, when nominations are necessary, would develop a powerful and favorable public opinion which the Senate would be compelled to respect. The task of the Administration is very much harder than when it began, but if it has the courage, it has the opportunity of justifying itself. The two things that the President has done which have commanded general respect are his independent choice of a cabinet, and his position just declared upon the finances. *In hoc signo.*

THE SENATE AND THE POWER OF REMOVAL.

THE adverse report of the late Senate Committee upon Commerce—that is, of Messrs. CONKLING, SPENCER, PATTERSON, and MACMILLAN—upon the New York nominations, reverses the established practice of the Senate. It is a recommendation that officers to whose appointment the Senate advises shall not be removed without the consent of the Senate, expressed after hearing the reasons for removal. This is one of the oldest questions under the Constitution. The First Congress, on considering the resolution establishing the executive departments, adopted an amendment to it recognizing the Presidential power of removal in these words: "Whenever the said principal officer shall be removed by the President, or in any other case of vacancy," etc. The majority was small in the House, and in the Senate it was of one vote only. The power of removal thus supposed to be recognized was, however, very sparingly exercised until General JACKSON'S Presidency. During his term, in 1835, Mr. WEBSTER made a speech in the Senate in which he said that he thought the decision of the First Congress wrong. Chancellor KENT agreed with him, and ALEXANDER HAMILTON in the *Federalist* had long before asserted, in discussing the power of the Senate, that "the consent of that body would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint." Mr. WEBSTER was by far the ablest advocate of this doctrine, but he nevertheless said, after demonstrating the soundness of his view, that the decision of 1789 was established by practice and recognized by subsequent laws, and that it was the duty of Congress to act accordingly. "Without admitting that Congress may not hereafter, if necessity shall require it, reverse the decision of 1789, I think the legislature possesses the power of regulating the condition, duration, qualification, and tenure of office in all cases where the Constitution has made no express provision on the subject."

This was the principle upon which the Tenure-of-office Law was passed. But that law was modified and its principle relinquished in the early part of General GRANT'S administration, and the practice of the Senate at the close of that administration was to confirm any nomination, when there was no personal objection, without inquiring into the propriety of dropping the incumbent or requiring any reasons. There had grown up, however, a practice called "the courtesy of the Senate," which gave the administration Senators from a State a veto upon all nominations for their States. The new practice proposed by Messrs. CONKLING, SPENCER, PATTERSON, and MACMILLAN is, therefore, in effect, that no officer shall be removed without the permission of the Senator or Senators from the State in which the office is exercised. This, however, is not the principle of Mr. WEBSTER or of any other constitutional lawyer. It is simply an abuse of power, for which, however, there is no remedy except in a sound public opinion. It may be very desirable that no officer appointed with the consent of the Senate shall be displaced except for reasons satisfactory to the Senate. That is an important constitutional question. But under "the courtesy of the Senate" he can not be displaced except for reasons satisfactory to one or two Senators. This is something which we may be very sure ALEXANDER HAMILTON did not foresee, and which is palpably in a great degree a practical nullification of the Constitution.

The adverse report is stated to have been made by Mr. CONKLING on the ground that no good reason had been given for the removal of the incumbents, whose terms had not expired. This is very droll. Last February the United States Marshal of this district, whose term likewise had not expired—a man of the highest character and official efficiency, against whom no charge whatever was made or could be made, and whose retention was desired by the courts and the bar—was peremptorily removed, and Mr. CONKLING, who was perfectly informed of all the facts, and whose objection could have prevented the change, required no reasons, and voted for the removal. Had the real reason been asked and truly given, it would have been that the late Marshal was not a sufficiently serviceable political agent of the friends of Mr. CONKLING, while his successor was noted chiefly for accomplishments of that kind, and for the censure, as a lobbyist,

of a committee of the Republican Senate of the State. One such fact shows clearly that Mr. CONKLING'S zeal for requiring good reasons for removal is still in its infancy, however mature it may be in the bosoms of his coadjutors, Messrs. SPENCER and PATTERSON. It will be observed that the scope of the proposition of the committee, as stated, is, under the "courtesy of the Senate," not that no officer shall be removed except for good reasons, but that he shall not be displaced except for reasons satisfactory to the Senator from his State. The fact that certain noted politicians wanted Mr. PAYN in the Marshal's office was a satisfactory reason to Mr. CONKLING, and therefore to the Senate, for removing Marshal FISKE. There is, therefore, no progress toward a sound principle of the service in this suggestion. It does not propose that honest and efficient officers shall be retained through their terms so long as they remain honest and efficient, but simply that they shall be retained until a Senator wishes them to be turned out. If the Senate should reject the nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT, for instance, because its committee reports that the Executive has stated no good reason for the removal of the present Collector, it will not have reformed the civil service in the smallest degree; it will simply have advanced the Senatorial command of patronage one step further.

JUSTICE.

IN a government of laws made by the community itself, which is the highest form of civilized society, the integrity of the bench is the palladium of safety. The suspicion of corruption or of weakness falling upon the courts is a shadow that appalls every man, and the evidence of a firmness of just dealing that yields to no blandishment or sophistry is an assurance of the public security which is most grateful. We are reminded of these obvious truths by the recent sentence of ROBERT L. CASE by Judge DAVIS. So general, and in quarters so unsuspected, and among men so honored and apparently of such blameless lives, have been recent revelations of dishonesty, that there has been almost a panic as to trusts of every kind. There are also such current sophistries, and the tone of public comment on great offenses is often so gay and bantering, that the clear and stern voice of justice and common-sense, piercing all the folly as a northwest wind blows away a fog, is timely and most serviceable.

Mr. CASE is a man on the verge of seventy years, who, surrounded by a most affectionate and estimable family, has during his long life enjoyed the best repute. He has been trusted by neighbors and friends, and has had charge of the money and the fortune of many persons. At the head of a life-insurance company, his name and standing attracted investments from hard-working men, who intrusted to him the future welfare of their wives and children when they were gone. It was as sacred a trust as can be imposed upon any man or body of men, and it is well that those who accept it should be reminded, in Judge DAVIS'S weighty words, of the greatness of their responsibility. The officers of all such institutions are trustees of the happiness and comfort of thousands of innocent human beings. To deceive them deliberately, to tell lies in order to get their money, and lies which they believe because of the respectable character of the liar, is a crime as infamous as that of the wrecker who lures ships upon the breakers by lights which the betrayed sailors believe to be beacons of guidance and safety. Recent disclosures have shown that companies apparently large and prosperous, with all the paraphernalia of respectability and responsibility, were mere mock-auction shops, with the monstrous difference that while the mock-auction shop merely picks pockets, the mock company or the mock trustee beggars and ruins laborious men and widows and orphans. Mr. CASE, as the president of a life-insurance company, hung out these false lights. He put his name to lies which were published, and which induced people to give him their money. It is a crime not to be condoned, and to be branded as infamous.

The plea for him was that he was ignorant, that he was deceived by subordinates. If this were so, it was a criminal ignorance, it was an unpardonable violation of his duty to know. He knew, at least, why his name was wanted at the head of the company, and if he had not the ability of knowing the situation of the business of which he was sponsor without depending upon others, he knew that he was unfit for the place, and he was as responsible for a catastrophe as if without any knowledge of the sea and of navigation he had undertaken to steer a ship across the ocean. A technical plea was attempted, that he never actually took the oath to the truthfulness of the statements. This is simply a plea of forgery and double deceit. It is a plea that his name to an attested paper was of no moment because, after all, the paper was not attested, the attest itself being a lie. Well might the judge say, as he did say, that if the offender had not been at the end of his life, he should have imposed the heaviest sentence that the law allowed. Such a crime is not only a wrong to those who have been robbed of money, it is a wrong against society, which is robbed of the sentiment of confidence which is essential to its welfare. Every institution of the same and of a similar kind is injured when public suspicion is aroused. The policy-holder or the investor says, and says truly, that the officers of the bank, or the company, or the firm that he trusts are of no higher reputation than this man was who is proved to be false, and the entire community suffers. For the offender there will be infinite pity, and for his innocent and stricken family inexpressible sympathy. Their home indeed is ruined, but he who has ruined it has been guilty of a crime which desolates also thousands of other homes. There is a growing insensibility to the sacredness of trusts which threatens something more precious than money, and the stern award of justice to offenders will do much to restore the confidence that has been sorely imperilled.

THE CENSUS AND THE APPORTIONMENT.

WE recently urged upon the Legislature of the State the justice of a speedy apportionment in accordance with the fundamental law and the public demand. We have been reminded, however, by a careful political student that there is something to be said against the justice of an apportionment upon the basis of the present census, and the facts and figures which he presents are worthy of close attention. As the object of basing an apportionment upon the census is fairly to equalize representation, it is plain that to base it upon a false census would defeat the purpose of the apportionment. And the figures of the present calculation raise a strong presumption against the honesty of the census. In the census of 1875 the population of the city of New York appears to be 909,390, and the number of voters 231,109, or $25\frac{2}{5}$ per cent. The population of the rest of the State is alleged to be 3,461,259, and the voters 907,221, or $26\frac{1}{5}$ per cent. Thus the total population, according to the census, is 4,370,649, and the total number of voters 1,138,330, or, say, 26 per cent.

The percentage does not materially differ, and if it should be shown that this census is grossly erroneous in the number of voters returned, it is equally erroneous in its return of the basis for apportionment. In the general election of November, 1876, there were cast in the city of New York for Governor 170,881 votes; in the rest of the State, 844,028; and in the whole State, 1,014,909. Disregarding any increase of population, if the census be honest, 123,421 of the voters in the State did not vote in 1876, and of these 60,228 were in the city of New York, and only 63,193 in the rest of the State. That is to say, the percentage of voters who voted in the city, with its small districts, where every voter goes but a block or two to the polls, was $73\frac{9}{10}$ per cent., while in the rest of the State it was 93 per cent., and this at an election when the Presidential candidate of one party and the candidate for the Governorship of the other were residents of the city. Of course the increase of voters between the census and the election would only make the result more extraordinary, because the population of the city notoriously increases faster than that of the rest of the State.

Governor ROBINSON asserted last winter that the city was deprived of representation to which it was entitled. The figures show, on the contrary, that it has its just proportion. The vote of the State was 1,014,909. This gives for every Senator 31,716 votes, and for every member of Assembly 7929. The vote of the city of New York, including the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards, which are in the Ninth Senatorial and the Westchester Assembly district, was 170,881. Deduct the vote of the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards, 6028, and there were 164,853 votes. Divide these by 31,716, and we have, with a remainder of 6273 votes, the present number of five Senators, which is all that the city, by this ratio, should have. A division of the same total number by 7929, for members of Assembly, and the result is $20\frac{6273}{7929}$, or the twenty-one representatives which is her present number. These figures are most suggestive, and before proceeding to an apportionment based upon the present census, the Legislature should satisfy itself that it is honest. The apparently just presumption from these figures is that it is either grossly erroneous or fraudulently wrong.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL GRANT has sent to the care of his friend Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS a box containing all the presents he has received since his arrival in Europe.

—The monument to the late JAMES LICK has been received at Jonestown, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. It weighs seventy tons, and the cost of bringing it from Scotland was $2015.

—Senator SHARON is said to have behaved with great generosity in regard to the estate of the late Mr. RALSTON, who before his suicide was one of the social and financial magnates of California. He took up the liabilities, and is responsible for their payment, and took over the assets at a liberal estimate of what they were worth, pledging himself, if any thing remained after settlement, to give it to Mrs. RALSTON. In consideration of Mrs. RALSTON'S giving him unreserved possession of the assets, he gave her the sum of $50,000 in coin.

—Lieutenant-Colonel DENISON, who has just received the Czar's prize of $3750 for the best essay on "Cavalry," is a young Canadian volunteer officer and police magistrate at Toronto. His previous book on cavalry had so pleased the Russian authorities that they caused it to be translated into Russian and made one of their army text-books.

—Mr. STORY, the sculptor, was honored with a large and distinguished audience at his lecture on art, in Washington, on the 5th inst. Among the audience were the President and most of his cabinet, Chief Justice WAITE, many Senators and members of the House, and a fair representation from the diplomatic corps. He was introduced by Mr. EVARTS.

—The late President ANDREW JOHNSON was careful in the preservation of papers, especially such as had any reference to himself. He took with him from Washington to Greenville complete files of three daily papers of New York covering his Presidential term. He also saved bushels of letters and telegrams of more or less importance—generally less. His only surviving son now lives quietly in Greenville, and his political aspirations thus far have been confined to an unsuccessful candidacy for the Tennessee Legislature.

—The editorial staff of the London *Times*, from the highest to the lowest, wished to unite in a testimonial to Mr. DELANE on his retirement. The proffered honor was declined, and not even the suggestion that it should take the form of his portrait, to be hung in the editorial room, would induce him to consent.

—MEISSONIER, the painter, is a short, stout man with long gray beard. He has soft, mild eyes and a pleasant face, and has a temper—of a certain sort. GÉRÔME, on the other hand, is a thin, tall man, with hair of iron-gray, and eyes as brilliant as stars, that give a fine high tone to his deeply lined face. He has five children, of whom he is passionately fond. Sculpture is his luxury and passion, and he says that he paints his pictures to help defray the expenses of his sculpture.

—Mr. GLADSTONE says, and with reason, that men should be trained early for the work of legislation, as they are for the army, the navy, the bar, or any other calling where experience, long and varied, is required for success. He deplores "the rapid and constant advance of the money power in Parliament, and the reduction to almost zero of the chance of entrance to Parliament for men who have nothing to rely on but their talent and character." Before the late General NYE had finished his second term as United States Senator from Nevada, he was asked if he intended to become a candidate for a third term. He replied, "No; it was hard enough for me to run against an express company, but I shouldn't stand a ghost of a chance against a silver mine." General NYE was succeeded in '73 by Senator JONES, and in '75 Senator SHARON was elected, both men of large Bonanza fame. The latter has not deemed it important to appear in the Senate during the late special session.

—When the cabinet meets in Washington they range themselves around the table in an order carefully observed. "The President," says a member, who describes it, "has the large chair at the head of the table. On his right sits Mr. EVARTS, who is the leading officer, and in this cabinet is decidedly the most loquacious. Opposite EVARTS, on the President's left, is Mr. SHERMAN. Below EVARTS sits M'CRARY, of the war power, who is opposite THOMPSON, the naval chief, and KEY, the Postmaster-General, whose *vis-à-vis* is the Attorney-General, DEVENS. Carl SCHURZ is at the foot of the table, furthest from the President, because his department was the latest in time of its institution. Mr. HAYES speaks with considerable positiveness sometimes, and, more than any cabinet minister, walks up and down the room while talking or forming his judgment. The members push back their chairs from the table, reclining or sitting at ease. If a cabinet minister is absent, the assistant represents him, and thus it has happened that FRED SEWARD and RICHARD M'CORMICK have had the right and left hand of the President."

—The late JOHN V. L. PRUYN, of Albany, gave for many years at least half his time to public objects without compensation. Although entitled by law to reimbursement of his expenses in many of the offices which he held, he steadily declined to take it, and when a State Senator he set apart all his pay for charitable objects.

—Mr. MOSES H. GRINNELL, who died on the 24th ult., had been for fifty years a conspicuous figure in the commercial, political, and social affairs of this city. At one time the firm of GRINNELL & MINTURN, of which he became the head in 1828, were the owners of fifty vessels, sailing to all parts of the world. Subsequently he became President of the Phenix Bank, President of the Chamber of Commerce, President of the Sun Marine Insurance Company, a member of the Board of Charities and Correction. In 1838 he was elected to Congress. From 1843 to 1855 he was President of the New England Society of this city. In 1869 he was appointed Collector of the port. From 1868 to 1872 he was President of the Union Club, his successor and the present President of the club being Secretary EVARTS. In 1836 he married a niece of WASHINGTON IRVING. He was buried in the family vault at Tarrytown, beside the tomb of WASHINGTON IRVING.

—Here is a fresh "personal" of Prince BISMARCK. In the summer of 1842, when twenty-eight years old, and a cavalry officer, he was standing one afternoon with some of his companions on a bridge, when his groom led his horse into the water to drink. Suddenly the horse lost footing, fell, and the groom disappeared. BISMARCK immediately threw away his sword, tore off his uniform, and sprang into the river to save his servant. He caught him, but the frightened man clung to him with such a grip that he was obliged to go to the bottom before he could get loose. Eventually he saved the groom. For this gallant deed BISMARCK received the well-known Prussian Rettungsmedaille that one still sees, between so many other stars and orders, on his breast. He is very proud of this mark of honor; and once when a distinguished diplomatist asked, with some sarcasm, the meaning of the simple decoration, which at the time was the only one he had, he answered, quickly, "I am in the habit of saving people's lives sometimes."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The extra session of the Forty-fifth Congress was finally adjourned shortly before twelve o'clock on the 3d inst., and at noon the regular session was opened. A number of nominations remained unconfirmed, and many others failed even of being reported. Among the latter were the New York Custom-house nominations. The President's Message and the department reports were submitted. The President stands firmly by his Southern policy, and calls upon all classes and both races to co-operate with him in completing the pacification of the country. The resumption of specie payments should be pursued, he declares, by every suitable means, and no legislation would be wise that should disparage the importance or retard the attainment of that result. He favors the limited issue of silver coin, but insists that the public debt, principal and interest, shall be paid in gold. "Any attempt to pay the national indebtedness in a coinage of less commercial value than the money of the world would," he says, "involve a violation of the public faith, and work irreparable injury to the public credit." An appropriation for the Civil Service Commission is asked for. The President advises that the German immigration treaty be extended to all the states of the German Empire. He also recommends the establishment of a national university and a national museum in Washington.—The Secretary of the Treasury, in his report, states that the expenses of the government for the past fiscal year were $238,660,008 93, and the surplus revenue $30,340,577 69. The estimates for the next year are $280,000,000, but these can be cut down $11,000,000. The Secretary is confident that resumption can be accomplished under the existing plan, but he asks that Congress will authorize him to fund in four per cent. bonds the legal tenders in excess of $300,000,000 which may not be withdrawn in consequence of the issue of national bank notes. He favors a tax of two cents a pound on coffee and ten cents on tea.—The Postmaster-General reports a falling off of postal business during the year, owing to dull times. Sales of stamps, cards, etc., decreased $427,585, and money-orders decreased $4,215,000. The expenditures for the year were $3,353,483 55 below the estimates therefor.—The President, on the 3d, renominated Ezra A. Hayt to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the former nomination not having been acted upon at the extra session. John B. Hawley, of Illinois, was nominated to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and on the 6th he was confirmed.—The House, on the 4th, passed a bill repealing the "iron-clad oath," which requires persons entering the service of the United States to swear that they have not been engaged in rebellion. The House also adopted a resolution for the enforcement of the rule against the sale of intoxicating liquors on the House side of the Capitol. Two bills were introduced in the House to revive the income tax, one on the 4th, by Mr. Dibrell, and the other on the 5th, by Mr. Harrison. The former proposes to tax all incomes of over $2000 three per cent., and the latter as follows: over $1000 and under $2000, one per cent.; over $2000 and under $3000, one and a quarter per cent., and a graduating scale up to and including $23,000; over $23,000 and under $35,000, a tax of three per cent.; over $35,000 and under $50,000, four per cent.; and five per cent. on all incomes in excess of $50,000.—The President, on the 6th, returned to the Senate nearly all the nominations upon which that body failed to act during the extra session, including those of Messrs. Roosevelt, Prince, and Merritt to the New York Custom-house. The Senate, by a vote of 41 to 18, resolved to take up the Silver Bill on the 11th. Senator Stanley Matthews presented a joint resolution declaring that United States bonds may be paid in silver, and that the coinage of silver for such purpose would not be in violation of the public faith. The Senate standing and select committees were elected on the 6th.—On the 7th, both Houses resolved to take a holiday recess from December 15 to January 10.

The steamer *Lotus*, bound from Red River for New Orleans, caught fire and was destroyed on the 3d inst. Two of the crew were burned to death and nine were drowned. All the passengers escaped.

Ex-Comptroller Richard B. Connolly, on the 4th inst., confessed judgment, through his counsel, in favor of the city of New York, for $8,534,260 83.

The Georgia State election for members of the Legislature and the ratification of the new Constitution took place on the 5th. There was no opposition for members of the Lower House. The Constitution was adopted by from 15,000 to 20,000 majority, and Atlanta was continued as the capital by the same vote.

Judge Humphreys has refused to surrender United States Senator Patterson to the South Carolina authorities.

The Fourth Regiment of Cavalry, from the Indian Territory, and the Twentieth Infantry, from Dakota, have been ordered to Texas for service on the Rio Grande.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Turks, at latest accounts, were advancing on Tirnova. On the 4th inst. they captured Elena, nineteen miles from that place, with eleven guns, twenty ammunition wagons, and 300 prisoners. The Russians fell back on a fortified position at Jakowitz, at the head of the mountain gorge. Here the Turks renewed the attack on the following day, but without result. On the 6th, the advance on Tirnova was checked, on the part of the Russians, by a flank movement and the dispatch of re-enforcements. A Turkish force has crossed the Lom, and captured Popkoi.—At Erzerum the snow is three feet deep.—A special dispatch from Belgrade says: "Prince Milan, addressing the departing troops, dwelt upon the certain prospect of a better issue of the new campaign which Servia was obliged to undertake; for this time she was better armed, having a powerful ally. The British consul has presented a note deprecating war on the part of Servia, showing the disloyalty of such a course, and threatening the withdrawal of England's guarantee of Servia's autonomy. It is said Prime Minister Ristics will leave the note unanswered.

A dispatch from Coquimbo, Chili, brings news of the loss of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steam-ship *Atacama*. The crew numbered forty, and the passengers probably fifty. Only eighteen persons were saved.—On the 6th, the steamer *Mizpah*, from Seville for Leith, came into collision with an unknown vessel, off Beachy Head, on the south coast of England. Both vessels sank. Only one man is known to have been saved.—The British steamer *European*, on her voyage from the Cape of Good Hope to Plymouth, ran on a rock in the fog, near the island of Ushant, and went to the bottom. No lives were lost.

The Budget Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 4th, declared its intention not to vote the direct taxes until a parliamentary ministry is formed. On the 6th the ministry resigned.

OSMAN PASHA.

OSMAN PASHA, distinguished for his skillful defense of Plevna against the combined efforts of the Russian and the Roumanian forces, is a native of Armassa, Asia Minor, and was born in 1832. He began his studies under the care of his brother, the late HUSSEIN EFFENDI, in the preparatory school at Constantinople. At the proper age he entered the Turkish military school, from which, after a brilliant examination, he graduated with the rank of Lieutenant. In 1853 he entered the army, and took part in the Crimean war. His zeal and good conduct in the field, and as a staff officer, soon obtained for him the rank of Captain. At the close of the war he entered the Imperial Guards, where he soon rose to the rank of commandant of a battalion.

On the breaking out of the insurrection in Crete he was sent to that island, and was present in almost every engagement that took place during that stubbornly contested war. At the close of the conflict he returned to Constantinople with the rank of Colonel, won by hard fighting. During his stay at the Turkish capital OSMAN PASHA was connected with various military duties, and intrusted with several important missions, which obtained for him the rank of Brigadier-General, and at length an appointment on the staff of the Fifth Army Corps as General of Division.

For gallant services in the recent war with Servia, OSMAN PASHA was promoted to the rank of Marshal. The story of his military career in the present war is too familiar in the minds of our readers to need recapitulation here. OSMAN PASHA has never been in Western Europe. He is tall, of spare figure, somewhat delicate in health, active, intelligent, and attentive to his duties. He inquires personally into all the details of his army and its tactics, directing the mode in which they are to be executed. His manners are urbane and agreeable, and he is a favorite with his friends and intimate acquaintances. Military critics are at variance in regard to the wisdom of OSMAN PASHA'S occupation of Plevna in the face of the numerical superiority of the Russians, but it was perhaps a necessity which he would have avoided had any other course been open.

OSMAN PASHA.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE, IN HIS TENT, SEPTEMBER 21, 1877, BY VICTOR LORIE.]

MINISTER WELSH.

A FAREWELL reception to Hon. JOHN WELSH, minister to England, took place on the evening of November 28, at the magnificent building of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Before the public levee opened Mr. WELSH was presented with a handsome pair of silk flags, one representing the American standard, the other the British. The donors were a committee of Philadelphia ladies. Hon. MORTON M'MICHAEL made the presentation speech, which, though very brief, contained many extremely complimentary allusions to the distinguished guest of the evening as the man of all others whom Philadelphians delight to honor. Mr. WELSH'S reply was merely a polite acknowledgment of the gift, which he said he would always cherish.

When the reception began Mr. WELSH took his stand upon a raised dais, and for an hour shook hands with all that passed. When it was found that if such greetings were continued the distinguished recipient would probably be obliged to stand all night, the programme was altered, and during the remainder of the evening Mr. WELSH merely bowed his acknowledgments. Fully ten thousand persons visited the Academy, and the rooms, halls, and stairways were crowded to the extreme with people from all classes of the social and political scale.

FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MINISTER WELSH AT THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—[DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.—THE FIRST DAY.—THE AMBUSH.

XVIII.

THE REPRESENTATIVES HUNTED DOWN.

AT the corner of the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, before the shop of the grocer Pépin, on the same spot where the immense barricade of June, 1848, was erected, as high as the second story, the decrees of the morning had been placarded. Some men were inspecting them, although it was pitch-dark, and they could not read them, and an old woman said, "The 'twenty-five francs' are crushed: so much the better!"

A few steps further I heard my name pronounced. I turned round. It was Jules Favre, Bourzat, Lafon, Madier de Montjau, and Michel de Bourges, who were passing by. I took leave of the brave and devoted woman who had insisted upon accompanying me. A *fiacre* was passing. I put her in it, and then rejoined the five Representatives. They had come from the Rue de Charonne. They had found the premises of the Society of Cabinet-makers closed. "There was no one there," said Madier de Montjau. "These worthy people are beginning to get together a little capital; they do not wish to compromise it; they are afraid of us. They say, '*Coups d'Etat* are nothing to us; we shall leave them alone.'"

"That does not surprise me," answered I; "a Society is a shop-keeper."

"Where are we going?" asked Jules Favre.

Lafon lived two steps from there, at No. 2 Quai Jemmapes. He offered us the use of his rooms. We accepted, and took the necessary measures to inform the members of the Left that we had gone there.

A few minutes afterward we were installed in Lafon's rooms, on the fourth floor of an old and lofty house. This house had seen the taking of the Bastile.

This house was entered by a side door opening from the Quai Jemmapes upon a narrow court-yard a few steps lower than the quai itself. Bourzat remained at this door to warn us in case of any accident, and to point out the house to those Representatives who might come up.

In a few moments a large number of us had assembled, and we again met—all those of the morning, with a few added. Lafon gave up his drawing-room to us, the windows of which overlooked the back yard. We organized a sort of "bureau," and we took our places, Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel, and myself, at a large table lighted by two candles and placed before the fire. The Representatives and the other people present sat around on chairs and sofas. A group stood before the door.

Michel de Bourges, on entering, exclaimed, "We have come to seek out the people of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Here we are. Here we must remain."

These words were applauded.

They set forth the situation: the torpor of the Faubourgs, no one at the Society of Cabinet-makers, the doors closed nearly every where. I told them what I had seen and heard in the Rue de la Roquette, the remarks of the wine-seller Auguste on the indifference of the People, the hopes of the engineer, and the possibility of a movement during the night in the Faubourg St. Marceau. It was settled that on the first notice that might be given I should go there.

Nevertheless, nothing was yet known of what had taken place during the day. It was announced that M. Havin, lieutenant-colonel of the Fifth Legion of the National Guard, had ordered the officers of his legion to attend a meeting.

Some Democratic writers came in, among whom were Alexandre Rey and Xavier Durrieu, with Kesler, Villiers, and Amable Lemaître of the *Révolution*; one of these writers was Millière.

Millière had a large bleeding wound above his eyebrow. That same morning on leaving us, as he was carrying away one of the copies of the Proclamation which I had dictated, a man had thrown himself upon him to snatch it from him. The police had evidently already been informed of the Proclamation, and lay in wait for it. Millière had a hand-to-hand struggle with the police agent, and had overthrown him, not without bearing away this gash. However, the Proclamation was not yet printed. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and nothing had come. Xavier Durrieu asserted that before another hour elapsed they should have the promised forty thousand copies. It was hoped to cover the walls of Paris with them during the night. Each of those present was to serve as a bill-poster.

There were among us—an inevitable circumstance in the stormy confusion of the first moments—a good many men whom we did not know. One of these men brought in ten or twelve copies of the appeal to arms. He asked me to sign them with my own hand, in order, he said, that he might be able to show my signature to the people. "Or to the police," whispered Baudin to me, smiling. We were not in a position to take such precautions as these. I gave this man all the signatures that he wanted.

Madier de Montjau began to speak. It was of consequence to organize the action of the Left; to impress the unity of impulse upon the movement which was being prepared; to create a centre for it, to give a pivot to the insurrection, to the Left a direction, and to the People a support. He proposed the immediate formation of a Committee representing the entire Left in all its shades, and charged with organizing and directing the insurrection.

All the Representatives cheered this eloquent and courageous man. Seven members were proposed. They named at once Carnot, De Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, Michel de Bourges, and myself; and thus was unanimously formed this Committee of Insurrection, which at my request was called a Committee of Resistance; for it was Louis Bonaparte who was the insurgent. For ourselves, we were the Republic. It was desired that one workman Representative should be admitted into the Committee. Faure (du Rhône) was nominated. But Faure, we learned later on, had been arrested that morning. The Committee then was, in fact, composed of six members.

The Committee organized itself during the sitting. A Committee of Permanency was formed from among its members, and invested with the authority of decreeing "urgency" in the name of all the Left, of concentrating all news, information, directions, instructions, resources, orders. This Committee of Permanency was composed of four members, who were Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and myself. De Flotte and Madier de Montjau were specially delegated, De Flotte for the left bank of the river and the district of the schools, Madier for the Boulevards and the outskirts.

These preliminary operations being terminated, Lafon took aside Michel de Bourges and myself, and told us that the ex-Constituent Proudhon had inquired for one of us two, that he had remained down stairs nearly a quarter of an hour, and that he had gone away, saying that he would wait for us in the Place de la Bastille.

Proudhon, who was at that time undergoing a term of three years' imprisonment at St. Pélagie for an offense against Louis Bonaparte, was granted leave of absence from time to time. Chance willed it that one of these liberty days had fallen on the 2d of December.

This is an incident which one can not help noting. On the 2d of December Proudhon was a prisoner by virtue of a lawful sentence, and at the same moment at which they illegally imprisoned the inviolable Representatives, Proudhon, whom they could have legitimately detained, was allowed to go out. Proudhon had profited by his liberty to come and find us.

I knew Proudhon from having seen him at the Conciérgerie, where my two sons were shut up, and my two illustrious friends Auguste Vacquerie and Paul Meurice, and those gallant writers Louis Jourdan, Erdan, and Suchet. I could not help thinking that on that day they would assuredly not have given leave of absence to these men.

Meanwhile Xavier Durrieu whispered to me, "I have just left Proudhon. He wishes to see you. He is waiting for you down below, close by, at the entrance to the Place. You will find him leaning on the parapet of the canal."

"I am going," said I.

I went down stairs.

I found, in truth, at the spot mentioned, Proudhon, thoughtful, leaning with his two elbows on the parapet. He wore that broad-brimmed hat in which I had often seen him striding alone up and down the court-yard of the Conciërgerie.

I went up to him.

"You wish to speak to me," I said.

"Yes," and he shook me by the hand.

The corner where we were standing was lonely. On the left there was the Place de la Bastille, dark and gloomy; one could see nothing there, but one could feel a crowd; regiments were there in battle array; they did not bivouac, they were ready to march; the muffled sound of breathing could be heard; the square was full of that glistening shower of pale sparks which bayonets give forth at night-time. Above this abyss of shadows rose up black and stark the Column of July.

Proudhon resumed:

"Listen. I come to give you a friendly warning. You are entertaining illusions. The People are insnared in this affair. They will not stir. Bonaparte will carry them with him. This rubbish, the restitution of universal suffrage, entraps the simpletons. Bonaparte passes for a Socialist. He has said, 'I will be the Emperor of the Rabble.' It is a piece of insolence. But insolence has a chance of success when it has this at its service."

And Proudhon pointed with his finger to the sinister gleam of the bayonets. He continued:

"Bonaparte has an object in view. The Republic has made the People. He wishes to restore the Populace. He will succeed, and you will fail. He has on his side force, cannons, the mistake of the people, and the folly of the Assembly. The few of the Left to which you belong will not succeed in overthrowing the *Coup d'Etat*. You are honest, and he has this advantage over you—that he is a rogue. You have scruples, and he has this advantage over you—that he has none. Believe me. Resist no longer. The situation is without resources. We must wait; but at this moment fighting would be madness. What do you hope for?"

"Nothing," said I.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Every thing."

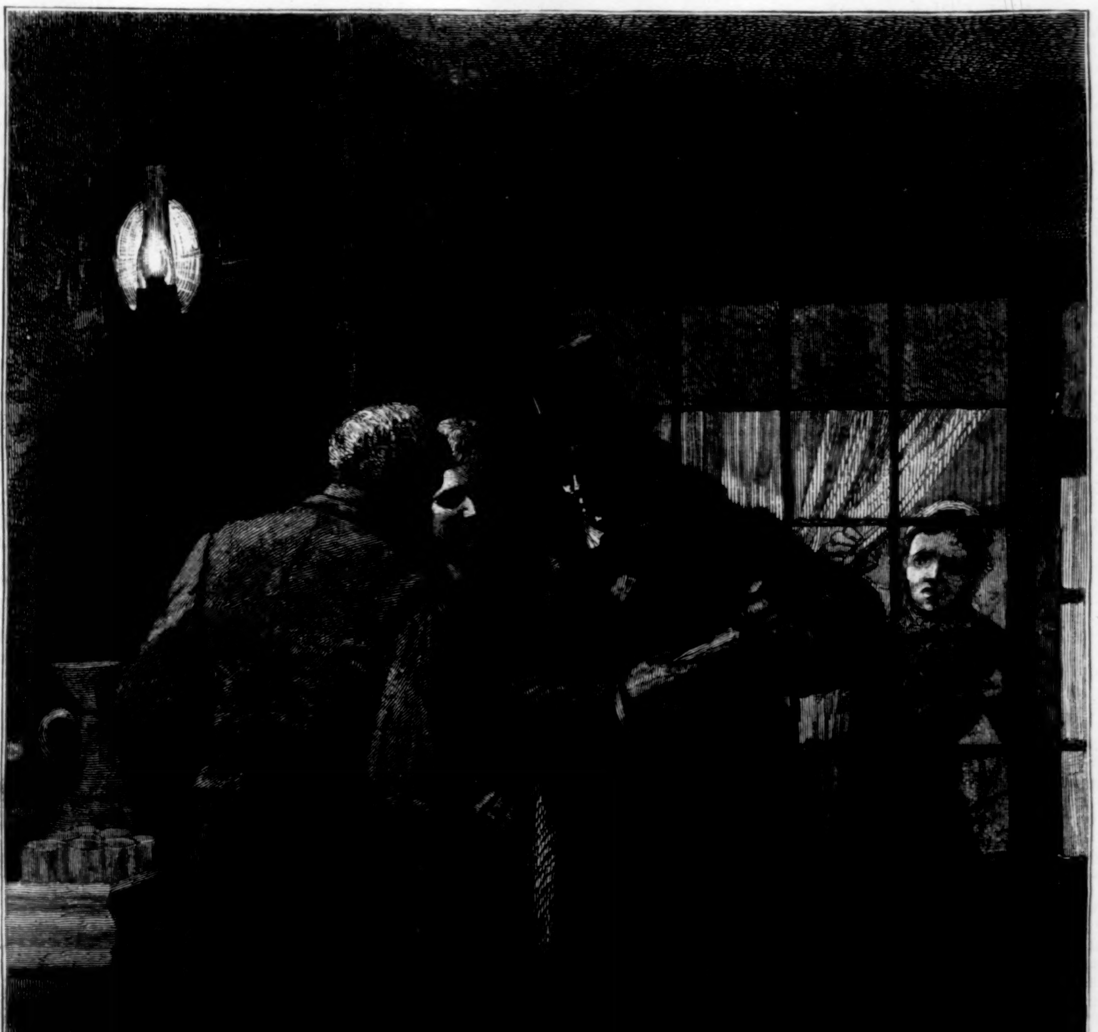
By the tone of my voice he understood that further persistence was useless.

"Good-by," he said.

We parted. He disappeared in the darkness. I have never seen him since.

I went up again to Lafon's rooms.

In the mean time the copies of the appeal to arms did not come to hand. The Representatives, becoming uneasy, went up and down stairs. Some of them went out on the Quai Jemmapes, to wait there and gain information about them. In the room there was a sound of confused talking. The members of the Committee, Madier de Montjau, Jules Favre, and Carnot, withdrew, and sent word to me by Charamaule that they were going to No. 10 Rue des Moulins, to the house of the ex-Constituent Landrin, in the division of the Fifth Legion, to deliberate more at their ease, and they begged me to join them. But I thought I should do better to remain. I had placed myself at the disposal of the probable movement of the Faubourg St. Marceau. I awaited the notice of it through Auguste. It was most important that I should not go too far away; besides, it was possible that if I went away, the Representatives of the Left, no longer seeing a member of the Committee among them, would disperse without taking any



VICTOR HUGO IN AUGUSTE'S WINE-SHOP.

"'Have you your scarf of office?' I half drew it out of my pocket. His eyes glistened with joy. 'Excellent,' said he. 'The Citizen has his pistols, the Representative his scarf. All are armed.'"—[See Page 982, No. 1094.]

resolution, and I saw in this more than one disadvantage.

Time passed; no Proclamations. We learned the next day that the packages had been seized by the police. Cournet, an ex-Republican naval officer, who was present, began to speak. We shall see presently what sort of a man Cournet was, and of what an energetic and determined nature he was composed. He represented to us that as we had been there nearly two hours, the police would certainly end by being informed of our whereabouts; that the members of the Left had an imperative duty—to keep themselves at all costs at the head of the People; that the necessity itself of their situation imposed upon them the precaution of frequently changing their place of retreat; and he ended by offering us, for our deliberation, his house and his workshops, No. 82 Rue Popincourt, at the bottom of a blind alley, and also in the neighborhood of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

This offer was accepted. I sent to inform Auguste of our change of abode, and of Cournet's address. Lafon remained on the Quai Jemmapes in order to forward on the Proclamations as soon as they arrived, and we set out at once.

Charamaule undertook to send to the Rue des Moulins to tell the other members of the Committee that we would wait for them at No. 82 Rue Popincourt.

We walked, as in the morning, in little separate groups. The Quai Jemmapes skirts the left bank of the St. Martin Canal. We went up it. We only met a few solitary workmen, who looked back when we had passed, and stopped behind us with an air of astonishment. The night was dark. A few drops of rain were falling.

A little beyond the Rue de Chemin Vert we turned to the right, and reached the Rue Popincourt. There all was deserted, extinguished, closed, and silent, as in the Faubourg St. Antoine. This street is of great length. We walked for a long time; we passed by the barracks. Cournet was no longer with us; he had remained behind to inform some of his friends, and we were told to take defensive measures in case his house was attacked. We looked for No. 82. The darkness was such that we could not distinguish the numbers on the houses. At length, at the end of the street, on the right, we saw a light; it was a grocer's shop, the only one open throughout the street. One of us entered, and asked the grocer, who was sitting behind his counter, to show us M. Cournet's house. "Opposite," said the grocer, pointing to an old and low carriage entrance which could be seen on the other side of the street, almost facing his shop.

We knocked at this door. It was opened. Baudin entered first, tapped at the window of the porter's lodge, and asked, "Monsieur Cournet?" An old woman's voice answered, "Here."

The portress was in bed. All in the house sleeping. We went in.

Having entered, and the gate being shut behind us, we found ourselves in a little square court-yard which formed the centre of a sort of a two-storied ruin. The silence of a convent prevailed; not a light was to be seen at the windows. Near a shed was seen a low entrance to a narrow, dark, and winding staircase. "We have made some mistake," said Charamaule; "it is impossible that it can be here."

Meanwhile the portress, hearing all these trampling steps beneath her doorway, had become wide-awake, had lighted her lamp, and we could see her in her lodge, her face pressed against the window, gazing with alarm at these sixty dark phantoms, motionless, and standing in her court-yard.

Esquiros addressed her. "Is this really M. Cournet's house?" said he.

"M. Cornet, without doubt," answered the good woman.

All was explained. We had asked for Cournet; the grocer had understood Cornet; the portress had understood Cornet. It chanced that M. Cornet lived there.

We shall see by-and-by what an extraordinary service Chance had rendered us.

We went out, to the great relief of the poor portress, and we resumed our search. Xavier Durrieu succeeded in ascertaining our whereabouts, and extricated us from our difficulty.

A few moments afterward we turned to the left, and we entered into a blind alley of considerable length, and dimly lighted by an oil lamp —one of those with which Paris was formerly lighted—then again to the left, and we entered through a narrow passage into a large court-yard encumbered with sheds and building materials. This time we had reached Cournet's.

XIX.

ONE FOOT IN THE TOMB.

COURNET was waiting for us. He received us on the ground-floor, in a parlor where there was a fire, a table, and some chairs; but the room was so small that a quarter of us filled it to overflowing, and the others remained in the court-yard. "It is impossible to deliberate here," said Bancel. "I have a larger room on the first floor," answered Cournet, "but it is a building in course of construction, which is not yet furnished, and where there is no fire." "What does it matter?" they answered him. "Let us go up to the first floor."

We went up to the first floor by a steep and narrow wooden staircase, and we took possession of two rooms with very low ceilings, but of which one was sufficiently large. The walls were whitewashed, and a few straw-covered stools formed the whole of its furniture.

They called out to me, "Preside."

I sat down on one of the stools in a corner of the first room, with the fire-place on my right, and on my left the door opening upon the staircase. Baudin said to me, "I have a pencil and paper. I will act as secretary to you." He sat down on a stool next to me.

The Representatives and those present, among whom there were several men in blouses, remained standing, forming in front of Baudin and myself a sort of square, backed by the two walls of the room opposite to us. This crowd extended as far as the staircase. A lighted candle was placed on the chimney-piece.

A common spirit animated this meeting. The faces were pale, but in every eye could be seen the same firm resolution. In all these shadows glistened the same flame. Several simultaneously asked permission to speak. I requested them to give their names to Baudin, who wrote them down, and then passed me the list.

The first speaker was a workman. He began by apologizing for mingling with the Representatives, he a stranger to the Assembly. The Representatives interrupted him. "No, no," they said; "the People and Representatives are all one! Speak!" He declared that if he spoke, it was in order to clear from all suspicion the honor of his brethren, the workmen of Paris; that he had heard some Representatives express doubt about them. He asserted that this was unjust; that the workmen realized the whole crime of M. Bonaparte and the whole duty of the People; that they would not be deaf to the appeal of the Republican Representatives, and that this would be clearly shown. He said all this simply, with a sort of proud shyness and of honest bluntness. He kept his word. I found him on the next day fighting on the Rambuteau barricade.

Mathieu (de la Drôme) came in as the workman concluded. "I bring news!" he exclaimed. A profound silence ensued.

As I have already said, we vaguely knew since the morning that the Right were to have assembled, and that a certain number of our friends had probably taken part in the meeting, and that was all. Mathieu (de la Drôme) brought us the events of the day—the details of the arrests at their own houses, carried out without any obstacle; of the meeting which had taken place at M. Daru's house, and its rough treatment in the Rue de Bourgogne; of the Representatives expelled from the Hall of the Assembly; of the meanness of President Dupin; of the melting away of the High Court; of the total inaction of the Council of State; of the sad sitting held at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement; of the Oudinot *fiasco*; of the decree of the deposition of the President; and of the two hundred and twenty forcibly arrested and taken to the Quai d'Orsay. He concluded in a manly style: "The duty of the Left was increasing hourly. The morrow would probably prove decisive." He implored the meeting to take this into consideration.

A workman added a fact. He had happened in the morning to be in the Rue de Grenelle during the passage of the arrested members of the Assembly; he was there at the moment when one of the commanders of the Chasseurs de Vincennes had uttered these words: "Now it is the turn of those gentlemen—the Red Representatives. Let them look out for themselves!"

One of the editors of the *Révolution*, Hennett de Kesler, who afterward became an intrepid exile, completed the information of Mathieu (de la Drôme). He recounted the action taken by two members of the Assembly with regard to the so-called Minister of the Interior, Morny, and the answer of the said Morny: "If I find any of the Representatives behind the barricades, I will have them shot to the last man;" and that other saying of the same witty vagabond respecting the members taken to the Quai d'Orsay: "These are the last Representatives who will be made prisoners." He told us that a placard was at that very moment being printed which declared that "any one who should be found at a secret meeting would be immediately shot." The placard, in truth, appeared the next morning.

Baudin rose up. "The *Coup d'État* redoubles its rage," exclaimed he. "Citizens, let us redouble our energy!"

Suddenly a man in a blouse entered. He was out of breath. He had run hard. He told us that he had just seen, and, he repeated, had seen with "his own eyes," in the Rue Popincourt, a regiment marching in silence, and wending its way toward the blind alley of No. 82, that we were surrounded, and that we were about to be attacked. He begged us to disperse immediately.

"Citizen Representatives," called out Cournet, "I have placed scouts in the blind alley who will fall back and warn us if the regiment penetrates thither. The door is narrow, and will be barricaded in the twinkling of an eye. We are here, with you, fifty armed and resolute men, and at the first shot we shall be two hundred. We are provided with ammunition. You can deliberate calmly."

And as he concluded, he raised his right arm, and from his sleeve fell a large poniard, which he had concealed, and with the other hand he rattled in his pocket the butts of a pair of pistols. "Very well," said I, "let us continue."

Three of the youngest and most eloquent orators of the Left—Bancel, Arnaud (de l'Ariége), and Victor Chauffour—delivered their opinions in succession. All three were imbued with this notion, that our appeal to arms not having yet been placarded, the different incidents of the Boulevard du Temple and of the Café Bonvalet having brought about no results, none of our decrees, owing to the repressive measures of Bonaparte, having yet succeeded in appearing, while the events at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement began to be spread abroad through Paris, it seemed as though the Right had commenced active resistance before the Left. A generous rivalry for the public safety spurred them on. It was delightful to them to know that a regiment ready to attack was close by, within a few steps, and that perhaps in a few moments their blood would flow.

Moreover, advice abounded, and with advice, uncertainty. Some illusions were still entertained. A workman, leaning close to me against the fire-place, said in a low voice to one of his comrades that the People must not be reckoned upon, and that if we fought "we should perpetrate a madness."

The incidents and events of the day had in some degree modified my opinion as to the course to be followed in this grave crisis. The silence of the crowd at the moment when Arnaud (de l'Ariége) and I had apostrophized the troops, had destroyed the impression which a few hours before the enthusiasm of the people on the Boulevard du Temple had left with me. The hesitation of Auguste had impressed me, the Society of Cabinet-makers appeared to shun us, the torpor of the Faubourg St. Antoine was manifest, the inertness of the Faubourg St. Marceau was not less so. I ought to have received notice from the engineer before eleven o'clock, and eleven o'clock was past. Our hopes died away one after another. Nevertheless, all the more reason, in my opinion, to astonish and awaken Paris by an extraordinary spectacle, by a daring act of life and collective power on the part of the Representatives of the Left, by the daring of an immense devotion.

It will be seen later on what a combination of accidental circumstances prevented this idea from being realized as I then purposed. The Representatives have done their whole duty; Providence, perhaps, has not done all on its side. Be it as it may, supposing that we were not at once carried off by some nocturnal and immediate combat, and that at the hour at which I was speaking we had still "a to-morrow," I felt the necessity of fixing every eye upon the course which should be adopted on the day which was about to follow. I spoke.

I began by completely unveiling the situation. I painted the picture in four words: the Constitution thrown into the gutter; the Assembly driven to prison with the butt end of a musket; the Council of State dispersed; the High Court expelled by a galley sergeant—a manifest beginning of victory for Louis Bonaparte; Paris insnared in the army as though in a net; bewilderment every where; all authority overthrown; all compacts annulled; two things only remained standing—the *Coup d'État* and ourselves.

"Ourselves! and who are we?" "We are," said I—"we are Truth and Justice! We are the supreme and sovereign power, the People incarnate—Right!"

I continued:

"Louis Bonaparte at every minute which elapses advances a step further in his crime. For him nothing is inviolable, nothing is sacred. This morning he violated the Palace of the Representatives of the Nation; a few hours later he laid violent hands on their persons; to-morrow, perhaps in a few moments, he will shed their blood. Well, then, he marches upon us, let us march upon him. The danger grows greater, let us grow greater with the danger."

A movement of assent passed through the Assembly. I continued:

"I repeat and insist. Let us show no mercy to this wretched Bonaparte for any of the enormities which his outrage contains. As he has drawn the wine—I should say the blood—he must drink it up. We are not individuals, we are the Nation. Each of us walks forth clothed with the Sovereignty of the People. He can not strike our persons without rending that. Let us compel his volleys to pierce our sashes as well as our breasts. This man is on a road where logic grasps him and leads him to parricide. What he is killing in this moment is the country! Well, then, when the ball of Executive Power pierces the sash of Legislative Power, it is visible parricide! It is this that must be understood!"

"We are quite ready!" they cried out. "What measures would you advise us to adopt?"

"No half measures," answered I; "a deed of grandeur! To-morrow—if we leave here this night—let us all meet in the Faubourg St. Antoine—"

They interposed: "Why the Faubourg St. Antoine?"

"Yes," resumed I, "the Faubourg St. Antoine! I can not believe that the heart of the people has ceased to beat there. Let us all meet to-morrow in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Opposite the Lenoir Market there is a hall which was used by a club in 1848."

They cried out to me, "The Salle Roysin."

"That is it," said I, "the Salle Roysin. We who remain free number a hundred and twenty Republican Representatives. Let us install ourselves in this hall. Let us install ourselves in the fullness and majesty of the Legislative Power. Henceforward we are the Assembly, the whole of the Assembly! Let us sit there, deliberate there, in our official sashes, in the midst of the People. Let us summon the Faubourg St. Antoine to its duty, let us shelter there the National Representation, let us shelter there the popular Sovereignty. Let us intrust the People to the keeping of the People. Let us adjure them to protect themselves. If necessary, let us order them!"

A voice interrupted me: "You can not give orders to the People!"

"Yes!" I cried, "when it is a question of public safety, of the universal safety, when it is a question of the future of every European nationality, when it is a question of defending the Republic, Liberty, Civilization, the Revolution, we have the right—we, the Representatives of the entire nation—to give, in the name of the French people, orders to the people of Paris! Let us, therefore, meet to-morrow at this Salle Roysin; but at what time? Not too early in the morning. In broad day. It is necessary that the shops should be open, that people should be coming and going, that the population should be moving about, that there should be plenty of people in the streets, that they should see us, that they should recognize us, that the grandeur of our example should strike every eye and stir every heart. Let us all be there between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. If we can not obtain the Salle Roysin, we will take the first church at hand, a stable, a shed, some inclosure where we can deliberate; at need, as Michel de Bourges has said, we will hold our sittings in a square bounded by four barricades. But provisionally I suggest the Salle Roysin. Do not forget that in such a crisis there must be no vacuum before the nation. That alarms it. There must be a government somewhere, and it must be known. The rebellion at the Élysée, the Government at the Faubourg St. Antoine; the Left the Government, the Faubourg St. Antoine the citadel; such are the ideas which from to-morrow we must impress upon the mind of Paris. To the Salle Roysin, then! Thence, in the midst of the dauntless throng of workmen of that great district of Paris, inclosed in the Faubourg as in a fortress, being both Legislators and generals, multiplying and inventing means of defense and of attack, launching Proclamations and unearthing the pavements, employing the women in writing out placards while the men are fighting, we will issue a warrant against Louis Bonaparte; we will issue warrants against his accomplices; we will declare the military chiefs traitors; we will outlaw in a body all the crime and all the criminals; we will summon the citizens to arms; we will recall the army to duty; we will rise up before Louis Bonaparte, terrible as the living Republic; we will fight on the one hand with the power of the Law, and on the other with the power of the People; we will overwhelm this miserable rebel, and will rise up above his head both as a great lawful Power and a great Revolutionary Power!"

While speaking I became intoxicated with my own ideas. My enthusiasm communicated itself to the meeting. They cheered me. I saw that I was becoming somewhat too hopeful; that I allowed myself to be carried away, and that I carried them away; that I presented to them success as possible, as even easy, at a moment when it was important that no one should entertain an illusion. The truth was gloomy, and it was my duty to tell it. I let silence be re-established, and I signed with my hand that I had a last word to say. I then resumed, lowering my voice:

"Listen, calculate carefully what you are doing. On one side a hundred thousand men, seventeen harnessed batteries, six thousand cannon-mouths in the forts, magazines, arsenals, ammunition sufficient to carry out a Russian campaign; on the other a hundred and twenty Representatives, a thousand or twelve hundred patriots, six hundred muskets, two cartridges per man, not a drum to beat to arms, not a bell to sound the tocsin, not a printing-office to print a Proclamation; barely here and there a lithographic press, and a cellar where a handbill can be hurriedly and furtively printed with the brush; the penalty of death against any one who unearths a paving-stone, penalty of death against any one who would enlist in our ranks, penalty of death against any one who is found in a secret meeting, penalty of death against any one who shall post up an appeal to arms; if you are taken during the combat, death; if you are taken after the combat, transportation or exile; on the one side an army and a Crime; on the other a handful of men and Right. Such is this struggle. Do you accept it?"

A unanimous shout answered me, "Yes! Yes!"

This shout did not come from the mouths, it came from the souls. Baudin, still seated next to me, pressed my hand in silence.

It was settled, therefore, at once that they should meet again on the next day, Wednesday, between nine and ten in the morning, at the Salle Roysin, that they should arrive singly or by little separate groups, and that they should let those who were absent know of this rendezvous. This done, there remained nothing more but to separate. It was about midnight.

One of Cournet's scouts entered. "Citizen Representatives," he said, "the regiment is no longer there. The street is free."

The regiment, which had probably come from the Popincourt barracks close at hand, had occupied the street opposite the blind alley for more than half an hour, and then had returned to the barracks. Had they judged the attack inopportune or dangerous at night in that narrow blind alley, and in the centre of this formidable Popincourt district, where the insurrection had so long held its own in June, 1848? It appeared certain that the soldiers had searched several houses in the neighborhood. According to details which we learned subsequently, we were followed after leaving No. 2 Quai Jemmapes by an agent of police, who saw us enter the house where a M. Cornet was lodging, and who at once proceeded to the Prefecture to denounce our place of refuge to his chiefs. The regiment sent to arrest us surrounded the house, ransacked it from attic to cellar, found nothing, and went away.

This quasi-synonym of Cornet and Cournet had misled the blood-hounds of the *Coup d'État*. Chance, we see, had interposed usefully in our affairs.

I was talking at the door with Baudin, and we were making some last arrangements, when a young man with a chestnut beard, dressed like a man of fashion, and possessing all the manners of one, and whom I had noticed while speaking, came up to me.

"Monsieur Victor Hugo," said he, "where are you going to sleep?"

Up to that moment I had not thought of this.

It was far from prudent to go home.

"In truth," I answered, "I have not the least idea."

"Will you come to my house?"

"I shall be very happy."

He told me his name. It was M. De la R——. He knew my brother Abel's wife and family, the

Montferriers, relations of the Cambacérès, and he lived in the Rue Caumartin. He had been a Prefect under the Provisionary Government. There was a carriage in waiting. We got in, and as Baudin told me that he would pass the night at Cournet's, I gave him the address of M. De la R——, so that he could send for me if any notice of the movement came from the Faubourg St. Marceau or elsewhere. But I hoped for nothing more than night, and I was right.

About a quarter of an hour after the separation of the Representatives, and after we had left the Rue Popincourt, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, De Flotte, and Carnot, to whom we had sent word to the Rue des Moulins, arrived at Cournet's, accompanied by Schœlcher, by Charamaule, by Aubry (du Nord), and by Bastide. Some Representatives were still remaining at Cournet's. Several, like Baudin, were going to pass the night there. They told our colleagues what had been settled respecting my proposition, and of the rendezvous at the Salle Roysin; only it appears that there was some doubt regarding the hour agreed upon, and that Baudin in particular did not exactly remember it, and that our colleagues believed that the rendezvous, which had been fixed for nine o'clock in the morning, was fixed for eight. This alteration in the hour, due to the treachery of memory for which no one can be blamed, prevented the realization of the plan which I had conceived of an Assembly holding its sittings in the Faubourg, and giving battle to Louis Bonaparte, but gave us as a compensation the heroic exploits of the St. Marguerite barricade.

XX.

THE BURIAL OF A GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

SUCH was the first day. Let us look at it steadfastly. It deserves it. It is the anniversary of Austerlitz; the Nephew commemorates the Uncle. Austerlitz is the most brilliant battle of History; the Nephew set himself this problem—how to commit a baseness equal to this magnificence. He succeeded.

This first day, which will be followed by others, is already complete. Every thing is there. It is the most terrible attempt at a thrust backward that has ever been essayed. Never has such a crumbling of civilization been seen. All that formed the edifice is now a ruin; the soil is strewn with the fragments. In one night the inviolability of the Law, the Right of the Citizen, the Dignity of the Judge, and the Honor of the Soldier have disappeared. Terrible substitutions have taken place: there was the oath, there is perjury; there was the flag, there is a rag; there was the Army, there is a band of brigands; there was Justice, there is treason; there was the code of laws, there is the sabre; there was a Government, there is a crew of swindlers; there was France, there is a den of thieves. This called itself Society Saved.

It is the rescue of the traveller by the highwayman.

France was passing by; Bonaparte cried, "Stand and deliver!"

The hypocrisy which has preceded the Crime equals in deformity the impudence which has followed it. The nation was trustful and calm. There was a sudden and cynical shock. History has recorded nothing equal to the Second of December. Here there was no glory, nothing but meanness. No deceptive picture. He could have declared himself honest; he declares himself infamous: nothing more simple. This day, almost unintelligible in its success, has proved that Politics possess their obscene side. Louis Bonaparte has shown himself unmasked.

Yesterday President of the Republic, to-day a scavenger. He has sworn; he still swears; but the tone has changed. The oath has become an imprecation. Yesterday he called himself a maiden; to-day he becomes a brazen woman, and laughs at his dupes. Picture to yourself Joan of Arc confessing herself to be Messalina. Such is the Second of December.

Women are mixed up in this treason. It is an outrage which savors both of the boudoir and of the galleys. There wafts across the fetidness of blood an undefined scent of patchouli. The accomplices of this act of brigandage are most agreeable men—Romieu, Morny. Getting into debt leads one to commit crimes.

Europe was astounded. It was a thunder-bolt from a thief. It must be acknowledged that thunder can fall into bad hands. Palmerston, that traitor, approved of it. Old Metternich, a dreamer in his villa at Rennweg, shook his head. As to Soult, the man of Austerlitz after Napoleon, he did what he ought to do: on the very day of the Crime he died. Alas! and Austerlitz also.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDUCATION IN CONGRESS.

Two bills have been introduced into the Senate designed to aid the progress of education in the less cultivated portions of the Union. The plan suggested by Mr. HOAR is to set apart the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, the net proceeds of patents, the moneys repaid by railroads, as a fund to support schools in all the States and Territories. For ten years the distribution of this fund is to be regulated according to the ratio of illiteracy, the States having the largest uneducated population receiving the largest share of the money. Mr. MORRILL's bill is not dissimilar, except that it is confined to the proceeds of the public lands. Both are measures of real importance, and worthy of the attention and support of all the community. Education is now admitted by all to be the foundation of good government, the only cure for many political and social evils, the commencement of that national progress which may at last bring the vast majority of every people to ease, comfort, and content. There is no real obstacle in the way of general good order in any community except ignorance; there is no cure for national degradation and decay so certain as to begin by teaching the children.

No doubt this immense engine of public improvement, the common school, is only in its infancy. We have scarcely yet begun to understand the true modes of education, the power which we possess of preventing future evil, and of softening the tendencies of a whole community. As yet we are content to make the schools teachers of elementary knowledge, of cleanliness and order, of at least the lower principles of civilization. It is not a great deal that the child can learn in our crowded school-houses in the city or in the less comfortable buildings in the country districts. He gets the foundation of an education and the means of future self-improvement; he is not as yet taught a trade, an art, an occupation; he is not raised above beggary by learning some useful employment; he is not taught that the man of labor should also be the man of thought. Yet even in its infancy, imperfect, often carelessly administered, sometimes even thwarted and opposed by its own advocates, the common-school system has plainly done more for freedom, religion, good order, morality, than any other political instrument. Prisons fail to prevent crime; the common schools at once diminish it. Almshouses are filled with those who have had no education. The very ignorant are the chief burden of society. Nor can one enter any of these populous school-houses in the city, where hundreds of children taken from all classes of society are taught at once good order, neatness, obedience to fixed rules, politeness, humanity, besides reading and writing, without feeling the value of the system and the latent powers it must yet unfold.

It is the design of the two bills before the Senate to extend these advantages to all the children of the nation. The gifts seem so guarded by proper restrictions that they can not, as has sometimes happened, be misappropriated by the officials of the States and Territories, and they may at least prove to the people that our national government is not indifferent to the cause of education. It is worthy of notice, however, that ours is the only government which assumes no direct interference in educational affairs. It has granted large sums at times to the different States and Territories for their public schools, agricultural and other colleges, but has never yet apparently controlled the disposition of the fund or held it in its own hands. Our government alone has refused to assume the duty of educating its people. Germany for sixty years has pursued this aim with ceaseless liberality; Scandinavia is thoroughly educated; France has an imperfect system of public instruction; the Italian government has begun to teach the Italians; the English government since 1870 has compelled all parents to send their children to the schools. But with us a large part of our country is left in intense ignorance, and we may be easily outstripped in educational matters by European kingdoms who have followed and may at last surpass us. No patriotic citizen can reflect without a sense of shame that the national schools of Ireland penetrate to every remote impoverished district to offer a valuable education to all, that the Danish and the Swedish governments have scarcely a single illiterate person in all their land, that republican France and reviving Italy are eager to imitate them, that even England will soon be an educated country, but that we, the leaders of republicanism, have an illiterate population almost equal in proportion to that of France. In Germany hardly a person can be found who can not read and write. In the United States five millions of illiterates over ten years of age threaten the ruin of freedom.

Every measure tending to remove this danger is worthy of the support of all good citizens. The question of education must become the leading one of our future history, and it is one before which all the strife of parties may well be silenced, on which intelligent persons of all creeds and opinions may find at last a common ground of union. In the presence of the child angry passions may well be stilled. Before the interests of the children of the nation, who will venture to be governed by the lower instincts of party, by the rage of controversy, the fires of sectional antagonism? Certainly no wise man. From nearly every part of the Union a great host of children are calling to us for aid. Abandoned waifs, they are growing up in grossness and brutality, with scarcely more knowledge of the world they live in than the savage Indian, the Malay, or the Bushman. There are several millions of them. They are to become the ruling power in different sections of the country, and on their votes will rest the questions of national honesty and honor, of frugality and pure republicanism, of peace or war, of the lust of conquest, the horrid barbarities of border strife, and the safety of all that property in money, lands, arts, manufactures, mines, which has been accumulated by the intelligence and industry of the educated members of the community.

It is in self-protection that England and France have pressed on their schemes of education; to escape future perils they are willing to make great sacrifices in the present. And with us the danger is still more pressing than in any other country, and hence the sooner some plan is formed for getting rid of this great mass of illiteracy, the less costly and troublesome will be its execution. Mr. HOAR's bill proposes a remedy that will certainly in part prove effective, will supply the least educated and most impoverished States with a considerable education fund, and even without the "net proceeds of the Patent-office," which seem properly to belong to inventors, must create an interest in public instruction in districts where it has been almost wholly unknown. At least the discussion of the question will serve to bring it before the nation, and on none could the national intellect be so well employed. It would be a graceful act on the part of the best men of all sections of the country to unite in treating this subject as one above party, a sacred duty which every one owes to the children, to posterity, to freedom. Could we but arouse the higher instincts that lie hidden in the people, how easily might every political question be solved for the true benefit of all! This is what every friend of education desires to do. Millions of uneducated children are calling for help, and if Mr. HOAR's or Mr. MORRILL's bill shall serve to make their voices heard, it will be of signal value.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE admirable address by Professor MARSH on the "Origin and Development of the Vertebrates in America," delivered before the Association for the Advancement of Science, at Nashville, has been republished by him in a handsome pamphlet form, and has already excited much attention beyond the limits of the audience at Nashville.

Professor MARSH's researches among the fossil vertebrates are well known, and he has for several years past published notices of some of the more important of his discoveries. In this paper he treats the subject in a connected form, and presents some very striking and interesting hypotheses in regard to the evolution of the North American vertebrates.

In the death of Mr. ROBERT SWINHOE we regret the loss of a gentleman who has done valuable service in the extension of our knowledge of the natural history of China, Formosa, and other parts of the Oriental world.

As the mackerel season for 1877 has closed, we can form a general idea of its yield as compared with that of preceding years, and we are sorry to say that it is a long time since there has been so disastrous an outcome for the capital and preparations involved.

It is estimated by the Boston Fish Bureau—a most admirable institution recently organized in that city—that scarcely one vessel in ten can pay her bills. Crews that have been on a "lay" will make from forty to seventy-five dollars per man for the season. Others that have fitted out on shares will almost all fall in debt, and this in the case of men who are scarcely able to make both ends meet in good times.

The catch by Americans in the Gulf of St. Lawrence has been particularly deficient—a fact forming a fitting commentary upon the award of five and a half millions of dollars made by a majority of the Commissioners at the Halifax Convention.

Dr. JOHN VANSANT announced to the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia that he has succeeded in killing a spider by the influence of the magnetic current, by placing it between the two legs of a horseshoe magnet. He also states that he has been able to kill worms, insects, and some plants by the same treatment.

The death of Professor CAZIN is announced as having occurred at Paris. He accompanied the French transit of Venus expedition to the island of St. Paul, where he made numerous important observations, and unfortunately contracted the disease of which he died.

Among the various methods of preserving the ends of telegraph poles, fence posts, and other wooden objects inserted in the ground, are charring and coating with coal or other forms of tar; but it is said that while neither mode of treatment alone is sufficient, the two combined answer every purpose, the tar filling up the pores of the charred surface, which in itself is indestructible, and prevents the absorption of moisture from the ground into the interior unaltered portion of the wood. In time the tar is converted into a kind of resin, which is very durable.

Professor JEITTELES not long since came to the conclusion that the domestic dog of the bronze period of European civilization was a descendant of the Indian wolf (*Canis pallipes*), and must have been brought in the earliest ages of that period to Europe from India. Dr. WOLDRICH has lately endeavored to show the existence of another species of domestic dog during the bronze age, which he derives from the African gib (*Canis lupaster*).

These derivations of the ancient dog are, however, all more or less uncertain; and it must not be forgotten that Professor JEITTELES, who is considered a high authority on such subjects, was at one time of the opinion that the original stock of the dog of the bronze age was to be found in the prairie wolf of North America.

The remains of the bronze dog described by Dr. WOLDRICH were found at Weikersdorf, in Lower Austria, and in Ploscha, Bohemia.

Sir J. D. HOOKER reached home from his American trip on October 19, in excellent health. In a communication to an English scientific journal he thus sums up the results of his and Dr. ASA GRAY's joint investigation, together with Dr. GRAY's previous intimate knowledge of the elements of the American flora: "The vegetation of the middle latitudes of the continent resolves itself into three principal meridional floras, incomparably more diverse than those presented by any similar meridian in the Old World, being, in fact, as far as the trees, shrubs, and many genera of herbaceous plants are concerned, absolutely distinct. These comprise two humid and one dry intermediate region, each of these three regions being again divisible into three subdivisions, as follows: 1. The Atlantic slope plus Mississippi region; subdivisible into (α) an Atlantic, (β) a Mississippi Valley, and (γ) an interposed mountain region with a temperate and sub-alpine flora. 2. The Pacific slope; subdivisible into (α) a very humid, cool, forest-clad coast range, (β) the great hot drier California valley formed by the San Joaquin River flowing to the north and the Sacramento River flowing to the south, both into the bay of San Francisco, and (γ) the Sierra Nevada flora, temperate, sub-alpine, and alpine. 3. The Rocky Mountain region (in its widest sense, extending from the Mississippi beyond its forest region to the Sierra Nevada; subdivisible into (α) a prairie flora, (β) a desert or saline flora, and (γ) a Rocky Mountain proper flora, temperate, sub-alpine, and alpine. The difference between the floras of the first and second of these regions is specifically, and to a great extent generically, absolute. Not a pine, oak, maple, elm, plane, or birch of Eastern America extends to Western, and genera of thirty to fifty species are confined to each. The Rocky Mountain region, again, though abundantly distinct from both, has a few elements of the Eastern region, and still more of the Western."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A TEUTONIC gentleman entered a drug store with a handful of currency, and asked a rather green clerk in attendance if he had "a fife-tollar pill," wishing to change his small notes for a bill of that denomination. The clerk looked at the Dutchman with bulging eyes, and replied that the highest priced pills in the store were only two dollars a box.

LITTLE SOFTTGOODZ. "Beg pardon, miss; but you're down in my invoice for the next dance."

A contemporary informs us that "no girl gets along well without a mother." A mother is indispensable, in fact, as a starter.

There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise.

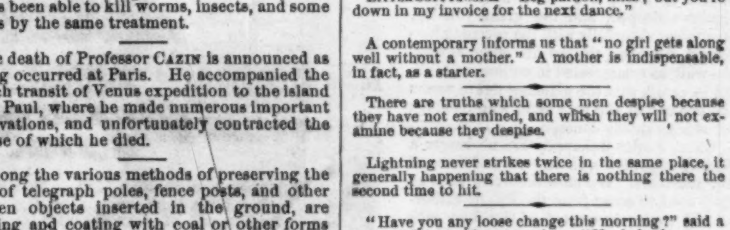
Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, it generally happening that there is nothing there the second time to hit.

"Have you any loose change this morning?" said a young fellow to his companion. "No, indeed; money is tight."

A letter, of which the following is the literal text, was picked up on the street:

"Dere Gim cum too the hous too nite the old mans goin to the lodge and mars Got The roomytisum so bad she kant here hurselfe sneeze be Sure An bring Sum of That kandy with sent ontoo it cause we're goin to have Fride Injuns for super. Yure own JULYANA."

A lawyer meeting a client who, being under indictment for grand larceny, was about to run away, said, "Don't be hasty; I'll get a stay of proceedings for you." "But I don't want my proceedings to be stayed," replied the client; "I want to proceed out of the country as soon as possible."



THE SON OF HIS DADDY ABROAD.

EUROPEAN SILVER SET. "You don't expect us to treat you as an *Equal*, do you?"

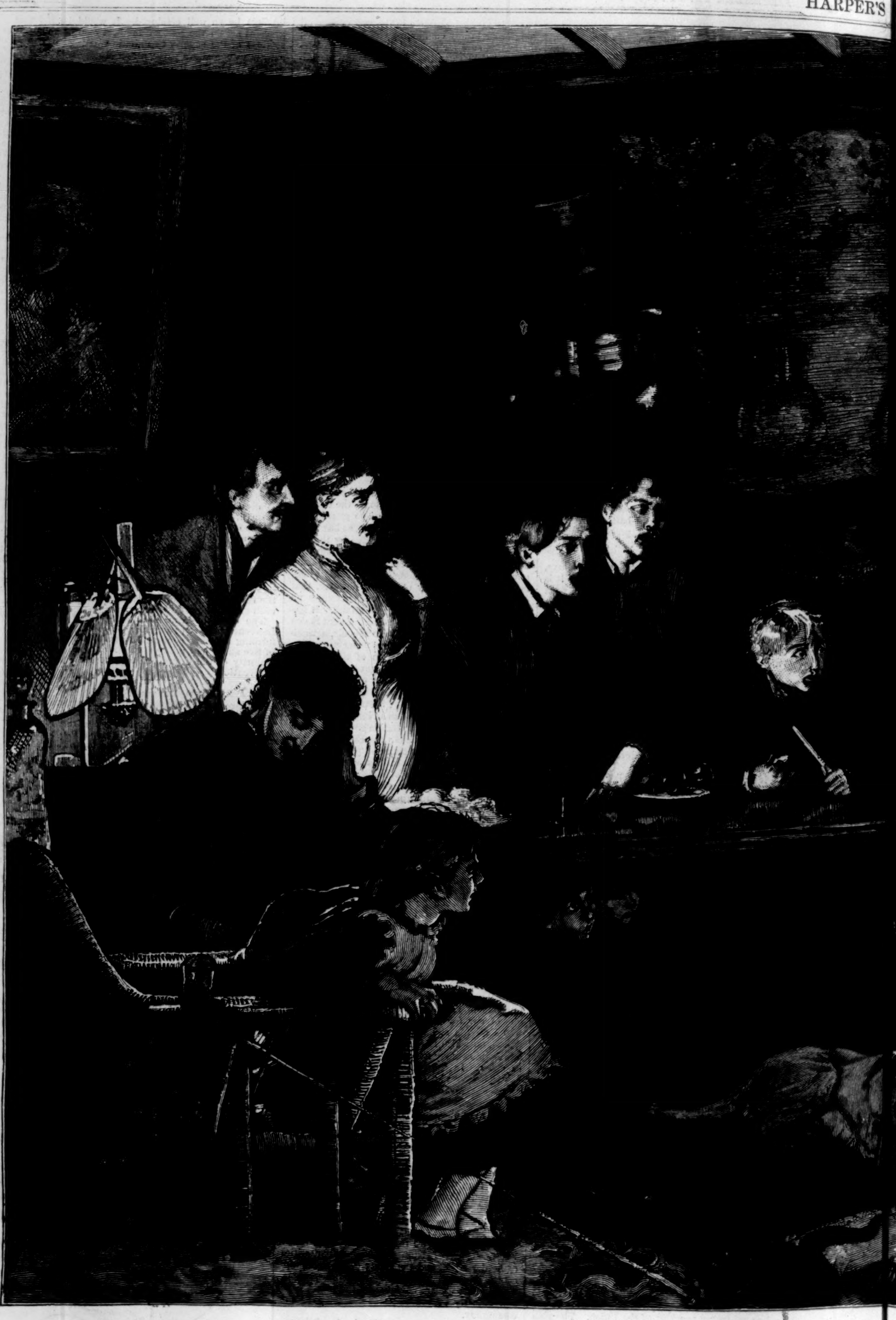
GHOST STORIES.

In order to fully appreciate the scene depicted in this engraving, we must fancy ourselves back in a past century, when hard common-sense and determined materialism had not laid all the ghosts at rest. To be sure, the modern costumes of some of the figures would lead to the conclusion that the artist had chosen for his models boys and girls of the present day; but in this thought we dislike to follow him. The little men and maids of our time are as full of the Sadducean instinct in regard to ghosts as are their parents. Never could they be so filled with amazement, so convulsed with terror, over any tale of ghostly visitation as the youthful group in our picture. Neither the weird story-teller nor his white-haired neighbor, incredulous though he looks, belongs to this materialistic age; and we prefer to imagine the whole party living in a time when ghostly seers and supernatural visitants were as much *en règle* as the common mortals that at present form our visiting lists.

It is Christmas-eve, then, in some old baronial hall in England. Bolted casements and barred doors have shut out any common intruder in mortal shape, but offer no resistance to the entrance of those from the spirit world. The daylight hours have worn to a close, gloomy shadows wrap the ancient pile in close embrace, and the whole family have stolen near the great open fire-place to catch the cheering effect of its warmth and brightness. Behind them, standing bolt-upright, are dark grim coats of mail, empty caskets that once held warm and living knights; from the wall the grave similitudes of buried ancestors look down upon their unknown descendants —never change of countenance or warmer glance of eye to betoken interest or sympathy in the joys and sorrows of those that have superseded them. In the background stands the Christmas tree. Its boughs are filled with strange blossoms, such as no tree ever produced, and at its feet, ready for the morrow's distribution, lie strange fruits, such as never in their ripeness fell from any forest pine. Pipe and wassail are brought out to increase the mellow influences of the hour, and the village story-teller has been invited to fill the interval between twilight and bed-time by the recitation of his marvellous tales. Gaunt as the Ancient Mariner, full of experience as the Wandering Jew, he rehearses his awful tales of robbery and murder, of ghostly visitation and demoniac interference in the affairs of men; and while he talks, the shadows deepen, and the great yule-log, struggling cheerfully with the creeping horror of the hour, throws his effigy against the wall, so exaggerated in outline, so faithful in detail, that the glancing figure seems the portrait of the very fiend whose doings his stories chiefly concern.

Ghost stories unhappily are no longer a feature of our lives, as they were of those of our ancestors. We miss the weird tales as they used to come from the lips of withered old crones suspected of dealings with Satan, and fanciful nurse-maids gifted with a genius for the supernatural. Literature, also, has discarded them as unsuitable mental pabulum for this knowing and incredulous age. And yet up to the present century such tales were regarded as forming a legitimate part of our more serious as well as our lighter literature. No romance was complete without them. The spirit world was supposed to be just outside our own material one, and its inhabitants gifted with a restless sociability that made them unwilling to let their former acquaintances alone. Scarcely a writer of ancient times but had his tale to tell concerning the appearance of ghostly apparitions. They flourished in all ages, from the days of Homer to those of Mrs. Radcliffe and Sir Walter Scott. These writers were especially gifted in the supernatural line, and gave an impulse to ghostly literature that kept it alive for more than half a century after their own pens were laid at rest. Unfortunately, however, there is a sameness about ghost stories, whether they are told by the genius of ancient Greece or put together by a modern story-writer. Yet they are essentially thrilling, and awaken an amount of emotion impossible to tales that have in them no mysterious ghostly element. The commonplace men and women with whom our novels and story-books are filled to-day never can vie in interest with the knight in armor clanking his chains through castle halls at midnight, or the mysterious lady clothed in flowing white robes who haunts the bed-chamber where she was most foully murdered. They are a loss to us for which writers like Miss Thackeray and Anthony Trollope offer no compensation. When Christmas-eve approaches, with all its mirth and laughter, we want the traditionary ghost as an offset. In this faith we offer our readers one or two full-flavored ghost stories culled from old volumes, only regretting that we can not supply the faith necessary to make them effective, or tell them after the manner of the hero of our picture, who, it would appear, could, like Hamlet's father,

> "a tale unfold, whose lightest word
> Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
> Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
> Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."



AN OLD-FASHIONED GHOST STORY.—Fro

For the first story no less a writer is responsible than the younger Pliny, who tells it with a sobriety, and solemnity even, which leave no doubt of his own conviction of the truth of every detail. For our purpose, however, it has been necessary to subject the tale to the process that is known among editors as *boiling down.* "A spacious old mansion at Athens had long possessed an evil ghostly repute. Sounds were often heard in the deep silence of the midnight hour. The clanking of chains resounded amid its dreary and deserted vaults—first heard faintly at a distance, then increasing and coming nearer, until it denoted the approach, and next the presence, of the pale yet gory apparition. One occupant after another had been banished by its overpowering terrors. After standing a long time tenantless, it is bought cheap by the philosopher Athenodorus, for the very purpose of testing by his own experience the truth of these stories, and giving a striking proof of the triumph of philosophy over superstition. He commands his bed to be prepared in the principal apartment. He is furnished with his writing style and tablets, that no vacancy of mind might produce delusions of the sense, or give birth to imaginative terrors. But all is of no avail. At the usual hour the signal sounds are heard far down below, and, as they draw near, the effort is redoubled to keep his eye and mind intently fixed upon his scientific antidote. But on they come. Now they are heard in the next apartment. Immediately they are on the threshold. The unwelcome visitor stands before him, and beckons with his gory hand. The philosopher applies himself still more earnestly to his studies; but the renewed and angry clanking of the chains takes no refusal. He rises at last and follows the apparition. The inexplicable power of the dead over the living is felt by the sage as well as by the slave or the peasant. The ghost leads him through the desolate apartments. It stops, at last, over a certain spot in the court-yard, and then vanishes. The place is marked; and the next day, on digging down, there are found the mouldering bones of one s pose
long since murdered. The are
terred, and the house is eve afterw
its unearthly visitant."

The following story com fro
that most honored of all ory-w
ghostly or otherwise, Sir W TER S
gathered it from the manusc pt m
Fanshawe, he inserts it am ng hi
"Lady of the Lake." This dy, i
of her husband, chanced d ing
Ireland to visit a friend, t ad
resided in his ancient baron cas
by a moat. At midnight dy
awakened by a ghostly and perna

ORY.—[From a Drawing by R. W. Macbeth.]

of one supposed to have been
red. They are honorably in-
use is ever afterward free from
ant."
story comes from the pen of
d of all story-writers, whether
se, Sir Walter Scott. Having
he manuscript memoirs of Lady
erts it among his notes to the
e." This lady, in the company
chanced during their abode in
friend, t' ad of a sept, who
ient baronial castle surrounded
midnight Lady Fanshawe was
ostly and supernatural scream,

and, looking out of bed, beheld by the moonlight a female face and part of the form hovering at the window. The distance from the ground as well as the circumstance of the moat excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale; and the hair, which was reddish, was loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshawe's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks similar to those which had at first excited Lady Fanshawe's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host wnat sne had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. "A near relation of my family," said he, "expired last night in this castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now before such an event happens in this family and castle the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterward, to expiate the dishonor done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat."

Apparently no English family of rank was in the last century complete without its ghost. The following story of Lord Erskine is told in Lady Morgan's *Book of the Boudoir*, as related by himself: "When I was a very young man I had been for some time absent from Scotland. On the morning of my arrival at Edinburgh, as I was descending the steps of a close or coming out from a bookseller's shop, I met our old family butler. He looked greatly changed, pale, wan, and shadowy as a ghost. 'Eh, old boy!' I said, 'what brings you here?' He replied, 'To meet your honor, and solicit your interference with my lord to recover a sum due to me, which the steward at the last settlement did not pay.' Struck by his looks and manner, I bade him follow me to the bookseller's, into whose shop I stepped back; but when I turned round to speak to him, he had vanished. I remembered that his wife carried on some little trade in the Old Town. I remembered even the house and flat she occupied, which I had often visited in my boyhood. Having made it out, I found the old woman in widow's mourning. Her husband had been dead for some months, and had told her on his death-bed that my father's steward had wronged him of some money, but that when Master Tom returned he would see her righted. This I promised to do, and shortly after I fulfilled my promise."

A more thrilling tale than any of these is to be found among the Hollis manuscripts in the Landsdowne Collection. The writer, Gervase Hollis, of Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, was a colonel in the service of Charles the First, and by no means one who could be termed a superstitious man, even in his own day. He professes to have received the tale from Mr. Liveman Rampaine, "minister of God's word at Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire," who was household chaplain to Sir Thomas Munson, of Burton, in Lincoln, at the time of the incident.

"In the year 1634 two men (inhabitants of Burton) agreed between themselves upon St. Mark's Eve at night to watch in the church-yard at Burton, to try whether or no (according to the ordinary belief among the common people) they should see the spectra or phantasma of those persons who should die in that parish the year following. To this intent, having first performed the usual ceremonies and superstitions late in the night, the moon shining then very bright, they repaired to the church porch, and there seated themselves, continuing there until near twelve of the clock. About which time (growing weary with expectation and partly with fear) they resolved to depart, but were held fast by a kind of invisible violence, not being able to move a foot. About midnight, upon a sudden (as if the moon had been eclipsed) they were environed with a black darkness; immediately after by a kind of light as if it had been a resultancy from torches. Then appears coming toward the church porch the minister of the place with a book in his hand, and after him one in a winding-sheet whom they both knew to resemble one of their neighbors. The church doors immediately fly open, and through them pass the apparitions, and then the doors clap to again. Then they seem to hear a muttering, as if it were the burial service, with a rattling of bones, and noise of earth as in the filling up of a grave. Suddenly a still silence, and immediately after the apparition of the curate again, with another of their neighbors following in a winding-sheet; and so a third, fourth, and fifth, every one attended with the same circumstances as the first. These all having passed away, there ensued a serenity of the sky, the moon shining bright as at first, they themselves being restored to their former liberty to walk away, which they did, sufficiently affrighted. The next day they kept within-doors and met not together, being both of them exceedingly ill by reason of the affrightment which had terrified them the night before. Then they conferred their notes, and both of them could well remember the circumstances of every passage. Three of the apparitions they well knew to resemble three of their neighbors; but the fourth (which seemed an infant) and the fifth (like an old man) they could not conceive any resemblance of. After this they confidently reported to every one what they had done and seen, and in order designed to death those three of their neighbors, which came to pass accordingly. Shortly after their deaths a woman in the town was delivered of a child, which died likewise. So that now there wanted but one (the old man) to accomplish their predictions, which likewise came to pass after this manner. In that winter, about mid-January, began a sharp and long frost, during the continuance of which some of Sir John Munson's friends in Cheshire, having some occasion of intercourse with him, dispatched away a foot messenger (an ancient man) with letters to him. This man, travelling this bitter weather over the mountains in Derbyshire, was nearly perished with cold, yet at last he arrived at Burton with his letters, where within a day or two he died. And these men, as soon as ever they saw him, said, peremptorily, that he was the man whose apparition they see, and that doubtless he would die before he returned, which accordingly he did."

The ghost of the Russell family is also horrible. Lady Russell had a son who had a natural antipathy to every kind of learning, and such was his obstinate repugnance to learning to write, that he would willfully blot over his copy-books in the most slovenly manner. This conduct so irritated his mother that she beat him severely again and again, until at last he died. As a punishment for her cruelty, she is now doomed to haunt the room where the fatal catastrophe took place, and as her apparition glides about the room, a river is always seen flowing close beside her, in which she is ever trying, but in vain, to wash the stains of her son's blood from her hands.

After such a chapter of horrors as this, vouched for by such trustworthy writers, we advise our little friends to be moderate in the matter of mince-

pie, and cautious about going to bed in the dark. For

"Doubtless there are no ghosts,
Yet somehow it is better not to move,
Lest cold hands seize upon us from behind."

A LIKENESS.

THANKSGIVING-DAY has passed away;
December skies are murky;
We've given thanks for fortune's pranks,
And eaten up our turkey.

Old Christmas-day is on its way
To bring us mirth and toasting:
No need to tell what we know well—
A fowl will soon be roasting.

The fact is plain that once again
The good old year is dying;
In sheets of snow on death-bed low
We soon shall see him lying.

When he was young his merry tongue,
With birds and bees competing,
His story told to young and old,
But gave no hint of eating.

In summer sweet the zephyrs fleet
Proclaimed his full-blown glory;
Of things *soufflés* or *entremets*
They told no thrilling story.

But, growing old and pinched with cold,
He's like us hoary sinners:
When creeping age comes on the stage,
We make the most of dinners.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

CAPTAIN STANDISH accepted Mrs. Piper's invitation. He rode over to answer her note in person, and to give her another lesson in archery. This time Clementina was with her, and shared the lesson. Captain Standish had no objection to teach two pretty girls instead of one, but he preferred Mrs. Piper, as the prettier and more fascinating of the two. She possessed a great superiority, too, in his eyes, as a married woman. It was the rule of this great man's life, when he condescended to flirtation, to flirt with a married woman. No harm could come of it to himself. There was always the risk of the husband being made uncomfortable; but that was a detail. Captain Standish was not afraid of making a husband jealous, or even unhappy; but he was very much afraid of compromising himself by flirtation with a single woman, who might be absurd enough to expect him to marry her, and whose friends might make themselves disagreeable if he declined to do so.

He was, therefore, the very last man to walk into the silken snare that Mrs. Dulcimer had set for him. He was kind and courteous to Clementina, who was ready to "worship him," or to "rave about him," in the Porkman phraseology, at a moment's notice; but he reserved his tender attentions, his thrilling looks and lowered tones, for Bella, for whom the sweet poison, the social deadly-nightshade of an unprincipled man's flatteries, had already too great a charm. Of the extent of the captain's influence over her mind Bella herself was not yet aware. Indeed, she believed herself hardened against any such influence by the counter-poison of a previous love. She had loved once, and loved unhappily, and therefore could never love again. This she firmly believed, and, secure in this belief, walked blindfold into danger. Her pleasure in the captain's society she ascribed to the triumph of parading him before the astonished eyes of Little Yafford, the delight of lording it over the Porkmans, the fact that Captain Standish was the fashion.

The dinner party was a success. It was made up of the *élite* of Little Yafford and the surrounding neighborhood—people who had "places" of twenty to thirty acres, and who were altogether the next best thing to county families. Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer, Colonel O'Shaughnessy, and Captain Standish. Clementina looked her prettiest, and was complimented on her likeness to her sister.

"Bella," said the Vicar's wife, in a confidential tone, when the ladies were alone after dinner, "you are doing a noble thing for your sister. In my opinion Captain Standish is struck with her already."

"You are so sanguine, dear Mrs. Dulcimer," answered Bella, smiling. "I have not seen him particularly attentive to her."

"Perhaps not; but he has been particularly attentive to you. He would naturally begin in that way."

Bella was not quite clear upon this point, nor had she any faith in Mrs. Dulcimer's judgment. Were not the most miserable hours of her life, her one inexcusable sin, referable to that lady's mistake? But she found it rather agreeable to have Clementina as a companion. The girl was grateful and willing to be useful, and was not in the way.

Mrs. Dulcimer was so elated at the prospect of another brilliant match brought about by her agency that, toward the end of the evening, she took Mr. Piper into her confidence.

"Charming man, Captain Standish, isn't he?" she asked.

"I've 'eard that remark made a good many times, mum," he answered, candidly, "but, as far as my individual opinion goes, I don't see any thing remarkable about the captain that should single him out from the ruck of military men. Perhaps his hair is cropped a trifle closer, and his whiskers neater trimmed. I don't deny, either, that there's a junny serqwaw, as my wife calls it, about the cut of his clothes, and that he has a high way with him, as if we were all upon a lower level, which I believe is uncommonly taking for some people, though I can't say I ever was took by that kind of thing myself. I like a man who is my superior and yet takes care not to remind me of it. I can feel the superiority of that kind of man. I don't want it put before me."

Mrs. Dulcimer looked disappointed.

"He is of a very high family," she said, "and enormously rich."

"That's always a satisfaction, mum."

"Now don't you think it would be a very grand thing if he were to marry your sister-in-law Clementina?"

Mr. Piper was not enthusiastic.

"She might like it, Mrs. Dulcimer," he said. "That's just according to her feelings. But it's no business of mine to find husbands for my wife's sisters."

This was disheartening, but Mrs. Dulcimer was not going to renounce her project because Mr. Piper looked coldly upon it. Clementina staid at the Park, and Bella enriched her with a great many dresses and other adornments of which she was beginning to be tired, or which were of a fashion that had become too general for a fine lady's wear. Generosity in a person of Bella's stamp is only another word for extravagance. Bella would have as soon contemplated cutting off her right hand as giving away any thing she wanted herself. These gifts to Tina necessitated the purchase of new things, and already the second Mrs. Piper had begun to get into debt, and to feel that she had bills which must be paid next year, or at some more indefinite period. The three hundred a year which Mr. Piper had settled upon her in the fullness of his heart, as an all-sufficing income for dress and pocket-money, was not nearly enough to supply the manifold wants of a young woman who had been brought up in poverty. Bella wanted every thing, for every thing was new to her. She ran riot in laces and silks and velvets, bric-à-brac for her boudoir, dainty stationery, devotional books, which were seldom read, but which looked well on her dressing-table, parasols, fans, slippers, albums, every thing of the costliest. She was surprised to find how soon her ready money had melted away, and almost afraid to calculate how deeply she was in debt. But the burden weighed lightly upon her. It would be easy to get Mr. Piper to give her a check when things got desperate. He might be surprised, perhaps, that she had not managed her allowance better, but he would not have the strength of mind to refuse her the money.

One day poor Mrs. Scratchell ventured to ask her daughter for a little help. The tax-gatherer was pressing, and poor "father" had nothing put aside for the taxes.

"Oh, mamma," cried Bella, "what has he done with Mr. Harefield's five hundred pounds? That ought to have set him up for life."

"My dear child, you must remember, surely. He acted with the greatest prudence, and invested his legacy safely in railway shares. It brings us twenty-seven pounds a year. It doesn't make a large addition, you see—and last year was so expensive. Bread was a penny dearer than it has been for ten years, and potatoes were dreadfully scarce. Altogether things have got behindhand with us—"

"I never knew them to be beforehand," sighed Bella.

"But it's a great comfort to see you so splendidly established. I'm sure I feel a thrill whenever I enter this house, and think, 'This is my daughter's; my child is the mistress of it all.' I feel almost as Esther's relations must have felt when they saw her sitting beside the king. And now, dear, if you could let me have ten pounds—"

"My dear mother, I haven't ten shillings. Look, here's my purse. You can count the silver if you like."

She handed Mrs. Scratchell a toy of mother-of-pearl and gold, lined with rose-hued silk.

"Oh, Bella, have you spent *all* your last half year's income?"

"Every sixpence, except what you see there."

"My love, you must have been very extravagant—after such a trousseau as you had to start with."

"Why, mamma, there were lots of things forgotten in my trousseau. And then the fashions are always changing—and I have given my sisters such heaps of things. I dare say I have been extravagant in that. I am sure I have dressed Tina from head to foot."

"You have been very good, dear, but I so counted on you for the taxes. I thought a ten-pound note would be nothing to you."

"That was a tremendous mistake. I assure you that for actual ready money I have been worse off since I've been Mr. Piper's wife than I was as his governess. There are so many demands upon my purse. But if I can do any thing next Christmas—"

"Thank you, dear. We must get on somehow, I suppose. We always have struggled through our difficulties, and I suppose we always shall, thanks to Providence, but it's a wearing life."

The young Pipers came home for their holidays, and ran riot amidst the splendors and luxuries that Bella had introduced into the sober old house. These young people liked Bella better as a step-mother than they had liked her as a governess. She was very indulgent, so long as they did not spoil the furniture or annoy her with too much of their society. She gave the girls fine dresses, and allowed them to share all her gayeties. She let the boys ride her ponies when she did not want to use them. In a word she was a model step-mother, and every body praised her, except Miss Coyney, who never praised any body, and Mr. Chumney, who generally reserved his opinion as something too valuable to be parted with except under strongest pressure.

So the briefly glorious summer hurried by, and Bella lived only for pleasure, and to be flattered and followed by Captain Standish. She went to a great many parties among the Wigzell, Timperley, and Porkman section of society, and to a few among the professional classes and landed gentry, which latter were not so splendid as the mercantile entertainment, in the matter of eating and drinking, and were not much more lively; for whereas the Porkmans and Timperleys talked of nothing but money-making, the landed gentry had a language of their own which Bella, clever as she was, had yet to learn. Captain Standish was teaching her a great deal. Under his tuition she had learned to look down upon her fellow-creatures as an inferior set of beings, "mostly fools," to regard mental culture as a process only valuable to school-masters, college dons, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and that altogether subordinate race which has to earn its bread by the sweat of its brains, to think of money as a stepping-stone to social importance, the pleasure of the present moment as the one vital consideration, the future as an unknown quantity not worth serious thought.

This was the code of ethics which Bella learned from Captain Standish, but before all and above all he taught her to despise her husband, her husband's children, and her husband's surroundings, from the lordly Timperley, swelling with the importance of the biggest mills in the district, to the unpretending Chumney, living in modest retirement upon an annuity of ninety pounds, the result of his laborious period of existence.

Of this gradual corruption of his wife's mind honest Ebenezer Piper had no suspicion. Her manner and conduct to him of late had been unexceptionable. The deeper and stronger that feeling of contemptuous aversion grew in the secret depths of her heart, the more carefully did she regulate her outwardly seeming. She had never appeared sweeter, fairer, or more guileless in her husband's eyes than when she was most inclined to betray him. Vivien herself, that supreme type of falsehood in woman, employed no finer art against the enchanter Merlin than Bella used to guard herself from the hazard of discovery.

She knew herself false to the core, not quite a subject for the divorce court, but a creature whose good angel had long left her, shuddering and abhorrent.

Mr. Piper had not forgotten Mrs. Dulcimer's ideas about Captain Standish and Clementina, and when he saw the captain and his sister-in-law together he was inclined to believe that there might be some foundation for that inveterate match-maker's fancy. The captain had a knack of being particularly attentive to Tina under Mr. Piper's eye.

And now autumn was approaching; the russet corn was cut in the wide shadowless fields; the ploughman's white horses were seen moving slowly along the upland ridges against a cool gray sky.

Captain Standish went up into the wildest part of the moors for a fortnight's grouse-shooting, and to every body's surprise came back to Great Yafford in three days.

He rode over to the Park on the afternoon of his return, and found Bella alone, yawning over a novel. She started and dropped her book when the footman announced him, and changed from pale to red, and red to pale again.

"You did not expect to see me so soon," said the captain, keeping her little cold hand in his.

"No," she faltered, unable to say more.

"You thought I should be able to endure a fortnight's life without you. I was fool enough to think so too, and made all my arrangements for staying away till the 27th. But three days were quite enough. How pale and tired you look!"

"I have had nothing to do, and I suppose that is the most tiring thing in the world. Tina has gone home. I did not want Mr. Piper to think that she was going to live here always."

"What does it matter what he thinks?" said Captain Standish, with his supercilious smile. "Mr. Piper was only created to be useful to you and your relations. And so you have missed—Tina?"

"I have been very dull."

"If you knew how desolate my life was in those three days, you would pity me," said the captain, tenderly. "Yes, Isabel, you would pity me for being so weak that I can not live without you, so miserably placed that I am obliged to hide my love."

And then Captain Standish went on to tell his story—the old, old story, the familiar melody, subject to such endless variations, such kaleidoscopic distinctions without difference, and always coming to the same thing in the end. "We might have been happy had Providence willed it. Let us defy Providence, and be happy in spite of fate."

He talked and pleaded for a long time, and Bella listened with lowered eyelids and lowered head, and let her hand lie locked in his, and did not answer his specious arguments by one straight outspoken No. She paltered with this tempter, as she had paltered with temptation all her life, always choosing the road she liked best. She said neither yes nor no. It was an awful thing that he was asking her to do. No more nor less than to surrender honor, social status, every thing, for his sake, to go to Italy with him, and live a gay unfettered life there, among people who, according to his showing, would be willing to accept her as his wife. He painted the picture of that ideal Italian life so vividly that all the hideousness of his proposal was lost sight of under that bright coloring.

"Remember, dearest, I shall have my sacrifice to make too," he said. "I must leave the army. And I shall almost break my poor mother's heart, for she has plans for my marriage which she has cherished ever since I was at Eton. But I could sacrifice a good deal more than that for your sake."

"Do not talk of it any more," said Bella, in a frightened voice. "It is too awful. I like you: yes"—as he drew her face round to him so that her eyes reluctantly met his—"yes, very much. I hardly think"—falteringly and in tears—"I could go on living if you went away, and I were not to see you any more; but what you are asking is horrible—to defy every body, to give up every thing, to be pointed at and spoken of as something utterly lost and wretched—a thing to be spurned by other women my inferior in every thing except that one wicked act. No, I could not be so degraded; I could not sink so low."

"I see," said Captain Standish. "You love yourself and your good name better than you love me. You were not ashamed to sell yourself to Piper. The world applauds that kind of bargain. But you are not generous enough to give yourself to the man you love."

He had let go her hand, and was walking with long quick steps backward and forward across the deep bay, like a lion in a cage. Bella thought there was something grand and noble about him in this lofty rage. She loved him all the more for the hard things he said to her, since his hard speeches proved the intensity of his love.

"You are very cruel," she said, piteously.

"I am very much in earnest. I thought to find in you something better and grander than the shallow conventional woman of society who only plays with hearts, who wants to walk through the deep waters of passion without wetting her feet. You talk of sinking very low—of degradation. Where is the degradation in the life I offer you—the fair, sweet, unfettered life that poets have loved ever since the world began?"

"You would be tired of an idle life in Italy," said Bella.

"With you, no. But we could wander about. We should not be tied to one spot. I would take you to Algiers—Morocco. We could ride over that strange land together; and when we had used up the Old World we would be off to the New. I would take you across the Rocky Mountains. I would make you my comrade and companion—a hardy traveller, a dead-shot. You should be no slavish English wife, sitting at home while your husband enjoyed his life. No, love, you should share every sport I had—hunt with me, shoot, fish, row, ride with me. I would not have a pleasure in life that you could not share."

The picture was full of charm for a woman who, in her eagerness to enjoy life, had already almost exhausted the pleasures of humdrum existence. Bella felt that this would indeed be the beginning of a new life, this would be to drain to the dregs the cup of youth and gladness. And then worldly pride for once took the shape of a good angel and pointed to the view from that wide bay-window, the park and deer, the avenue of goodly elms, the grandeur and importance of her position as Mrs. Piper. Was she to surrender all this, and give up her name to be a by-word and a reproach into the bargain? No, she had hearkened too long to the tempter, but she was not weak enough for this.

"You must never speak to me of this again," she exclaimed. "I will try to think there has been no serious meaning in what you have said. Let us both forget it."

"I shall not forget it," said the captain, "but if you tell me to keep silence, I will obey. I would do any thing rather than live out of your society."

"If you ever repeat what you have said this afternoon, our friendship will be ended."

"Any thing sooner than that."

He took the little hand again and kissed it tenderly. So there was a kind of compact between them: he was to go on adoring her, but was to say nothing about it.

Captain Standish rode back to Great Yafford in excellent humor. He had considerably embellished the fact of his return in his conversation with Mrs. Piper. He had come back because the weather had been abominable, and the birds hardly visible behind a dense curtain of driving rain. Three days of such uncomfortable sport was quite enough for the captain.

"Poor little thing," he mused as he walked his horse, after a swinging gallop over a grassy stretch of waste land, "how very weak she is! I'm glad she doesn't want me to run away with her. It would be uncommonly inconvenient. But when a man has flirted as desperately as I have, a woman expects him to say something serious. She's really very pretty—quite the most fascinating little thing I've met for a long time. And if she were single—all things being equal—I don't think I should object to marry her."

CHAPTER LIII.

A TURN OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

CYRIL CULVERHOUSE lived his useful life, full of thought and care for others, honored, beloved, but with a deep and settled sadness at heart. He could not forget the woman he loved, he could not forgive himself for having doubted her. Both their lives were blighted by that mistake; and yet, looking back, he knew that he had tried to do his duty. Love seemed a snare of Satan, and he had cut himself free from its meshes. But after that meeting in the church-yard all his doubts vanished—his judgment wavered no longer. There is a power in simple truth when we meet it face to face that is stronger than all reasoning upon a chain of possibilities.

He was convinced forever of her guiltlessness in the hour when he believed her irrevocably lost to him. Could he ever forget that meeting—that one despairing kiss—the sight of her lying at his feet among the rank grass that grows on graves? And she had confessed her love for him by flying from a loveless marriage.

Could he follow her?—search this wide world for her? How small a penance would it be to wander over all the earth for her sake! But he

felt he had no right to pursue her. He had wronged her too deeply to persecute her by a pursuit which no sign from her invited. It was for her to make that sign—it was for her to pity and and pardon him.

"Let me go on doing my duty," he said to himself, "and if it is God's will that I am to be happy in that way, happiness will come to me. Yes, it will come some day when I least look for it, as the angels came to Abraham."

So he went on with his simple unpretending life, working with a quiet earnestness which achieved wonders. It was one of his chief gifts to do all things quietly. He worked almost as silently as the bounteous fertilizing sun. The school was thriving under Emmanuel Joyce's care; the widow's heart did verily sing for joy, so sweet was her new life amidst rural sights and sounds, after the squalid misery of the Bridford courts and alleys.

The Vicar was delighted to have his old pupil back again. All the cares of the parish were lifted off his shoulders when he had Cyril for his curate. He knew that if he was luxuriating in scholarly idleness, there was nothing being neglected. When he was wanted, Cyril called upon him and he obeyed the call. He gave of his substance freely at Cyril's bidding. There could not have been a better alliance. Clement Dulcimer, all sweetness and light, shedding smiles and kindliness upon his parishioners, Cyril Culverhouse, the earnest worker, not withholding reproof when it was needful. Between them they made Little Yafford a model parish, an ideal republic in a small way.

The Vicar had taken a great fancy to the new school-master. Joyce's love of books was in itself a passport to Mr. Dulcimer's favor. He invited the young man to spend an evening with him occasionally, and Emmanuel reveled in long hours of talk upon far-reaching questions—conversations from which Mr. Dulcimer let himself slip insensibly into a monologue, and poured forth his stores of curious uncatalogued knowledge. In one thing only he was rather hard upon the aspiring student. He set his face strongly against Emmanuel's poetic efforts.

"They are as good as most of the prize poems it has been my lot to read," he said, after he had conscientiously gone through Emmanuel's little collection of manuscript verses, "but then, you see, a prize poem is generally the flattest thing in life. As intellectual efforts they do you credit, and as mental training I've no doubt the composition of them has been serviceable to you. But I will not be so wicked as to say, Go on writing verses. There are about twenty poets born in a century, and about twenty thousand rhymsters. Shall a wise man waste his life—his brief precious sum of days and hours—in laboring to develop the rhymster into the poet? Why, the poet knows himself for a poet before he is twenty. The man upon whom that mantle has fallen, the man who is born to wear that crown, can not be mistaken about himself. Look at Pope, Chatterton, Shelley, Byron, Keats—boy poets all. And is a man who has not put forth that supreme flower of genius in his youth to go on cudgeling his brain for rhymes in the hope that labor will make him a poet? It is the stuff behind the rhymes that is wanting in him. He has nothing to say. But he thinks if he can say nothing melodiously, to some body else's tune, that he may make himself a poet. Wasted labor, idle delusion! Go into philosophy, natural science, criticism, history, any thing you like, my dear young friend—the field is wide—and in these studies a man can make himself. God makes poets."

Emmanuel took the lesson to heart, humiliating as it was. For a long time he had hugged the idea that he was a poet. That electro-plate verse of his, modeled upon the verse of other singers, had for his deluded ear the ring of genuine silver. Granted that there were only twenty poets born in a century, it seemed to him no less hard that he could not be one of the twenty. He had no pity for the nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine versifiers, self-deluded like himself, and doomed to disappointment as bitter.

It took him some time to recover from the shock which his self-esteem had received from Mr. Dulcimer's candor. At first it seemed to him that if he could not be a poet, he could be nothing else. Those other fields of intellectual labor in which the Vicar invited him to work offered no attraction. They were all dry and barren; no flowers to be gathered there. Ambition seemed dead within him, now that a judge in whom he believed had told him that he was not an incipient Byron.

"You never write of an evening now, Emmanuel," his mother said to him, when the shortening days of September brought them together by their cheerful fireside. "I hope you haven't grown tired of your pen."

"I have," he answered. "What's the use of writing trash?"

"Oh, Emmanuel, how can you talk so? I'm sure I never read sweeter verses than yours."

"Yes, mother, you think them sweet because I am your son. You wouldn't care a straw for them if they were written by a stranger. Come, I'll read you a bit of real poetry, and you'll see the difference."

He opened his well-used Milton and read the hymn on the Nativity. He knew those noble verses by heart, and declaimed them well.

"What do you think of that, mother?" he asked, when he had finished.

"I don't understand it all, dear," she answered, meekly, "there are so many heathen idols in it. But it's poetry that rings like a great brazen bell, and there's more words in it than in yours."

"Yes, mother, that's it. The man who wrote that was a born poet. He could do what he liked with the language, and make it ring like sound metal. My verse is like a poor little cracked sheep bell, and sounds no better than tin. And I haven't above a quarter of the English language in my vocabulary. I've read a great deal, but the words don't come to my finger-ends in all their wealth and variety, as they did to Shelley and Keats. No, mother, I'm no poet. Mr. Dulcimer is a good judge. If I write any thing, it must be prose."

"I hope Mr. Dulcimer hasn't been putting you out of conceit with yourself, Emmanuel?"

"He has only told me the truth, mother. That's always good for a man to know, though it takes him aback sometimes to hear it."

"I should be very sorry to see you give up your pen, dear," said the mother, persistently. "I should be so proud if I could live to see you an author."

"Well, mother, I will try to write a book, if it is only to please you. I will write something for my pupils—a book that may be useful and popular in schools all over England. The English history my boys read seems to me so dull and dry. I think I'll try my hand at a boys' history of England. I fancy I could make it interesting."

"I'm sure you could," said the mother, fondly.

Here at least in this quiet school-house parlor was happiness almost perfect. It was a delight to Cyril Culverhouse, when he dropped in for half an hour on his homeward way, to see how well this one good work of his had prospered.

A great change in Cyril's fortune was at hand—a change that came upon him as an almost overwhelming blow, for it gave a new color to his life, and made the problem of existence doubly difficult.

Walking home to his lodgings one September afternoon with Mr. Dulcimer, Cyril met the village postman.

"Any letters for me, Sparkes?" asked the Vicar. Cyril was not curious enough to inquire about his letters. He expected no pleasant tidings. Who should write to him? He stood alone in the world, for he did not expect that his cousin would ever regard him with friendliness again.

"No, Sir, there ain't none for you," replied Sparkes, "but there's a letter for you, Mr. Culverhouse, from Indy."

Kenrick had written, then, after all, thought Cyril, moved at the idea. Distance and lapse of time had softened the natural bitterness of his feelings.

And then and there, in deliberate defiance of the postal rules and regulations, Sparkes handed the curate a thin, miserable-looking letter, in a black-edged envelope addressed by a strange hand.

The Vicar and Cyril both looked at it, horror-struck.

"Your cousin has been killed," cried Mr. Dulcimer. Cyril felt the same apprehension. He knew no one in India except his cousin. This letter in a strange hand must bring evil tidings.

He opened the envelope hurriedly, with a shaking hand, as he and Mr. Dulcimer stood side by side in the quiet country road. The Vicar read the letter over Cyril's shoulder.

Yes, it brought the news both feared.

"SIR,—It is with deep regret that I write to inform you of the death of your cousin, Sir Kenrick Culverhouse. He was shot in a skirmish with the Burmese which took place on the night of July 27th. They came down upon our camp unexpectedly during the night, and were repulsed with considerable loss, but unhappily your cousin, who was always reckless in exposing himself to the enemy's fire, received a fatal shot while leading his company in close pursuit of the retreating Burmese.

"There will, I hope, be some consolation to you, as his nearest relative, in knowing how nobly he did his duty throughout the last eighteen months, and how thoroughly he won the respect of his regiment, from the highest to the lowest. For my own part I feel his death as a personal loss, and it will be long before I cease to deplore it.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"MALCOLM DONALDSON."

"That is the colonel of his regiment," said the Vicar. "Poor Kenrick! Do you know, I had a presentiment that he would never come back to us. Hard to remember that he left us under such miserable circumstances."

Cyril was silent for some moments, and then he said, suddenly, with intense earnestness,

"Would to God that I, rather than he, had drawn the lot of death!"

"The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord," said the Vicar, solemnly. "We can not choose our path in life, Cyril. Fate has not been kind to Kenrick. This is a heavy blow for both of us. For my own part, I feel as if I had lost a son. You and Kenrick have been as sons to me."

"And to me he was like a brother," said Cyril. "We parted in unkindness. *That* is a bitter thing to remember."

"I do not think you can blame yourself, Cyril, because your cousin's engagement ended unhappily."

"I don't know," said Cyril. "It is just possible—I may have influenced Beatrix at the last."

And then he told Mr. Dulcimer—as a good Catholic might tell his spiritual director—about that meeting in the church-yard.

"I hardly know what I said," he confessed, remorsefully. "I was beside myself. I knew in that moment she still loved me; that I had never ceased to love her; that I had been mad, foolish, besotted, when I doubted her. I knew all this, and that to-morrow was to make her my cousin's wife. I know not what mad words I may have said to her—words wild and strong enough to constrain her to break with Kenrick."

"I am not sure of that," said Mr. Dulcimer, thoughtfully. "I have a shrewd suspicion that Beatrix was meditating the cancelment of her engagement when she was so eager to pay off the Culverhouse mortgages. If she had meant to be his wife, she might just as well have waited till they were married. But she was so impetuous, so determined. She bore down all opposition from Scratchell. Yes, I believe that she had made up her mind to jilt poor Kenrick, and that she meant the liberation of his estate as an atonement."

This was some kind of consolation for Cyril, who thought of his cousin with a remorseful grief that was very real. And now when those first days of mourning for the dead were over, he began to think of his own position, which was full of perplexity.

Kenrick's death had made him master of Culverhouse Castle. He had new ties, new duties. His first thought was to repay Miss Harefield the fifty thousand pounds. The lawyers had dawdled about the matter, Mr. Dulcimer had been careless, and Kenrick's parting injunction had not been obeyed.

Cyril went to Mr. Scratchell and told him that he should mortgage the estate directly it passed into his possession, and restore Miss Harefield's money.

"She meant it for my cousin Kenrick, and not for me," he said. "I should feel myself a thief if I retained the use of her money a day longer than I am obliged."

It was agreed, therefore, that the money should be refunded as soon as Cyril found himself in a position to raise money upon his newly acquired estate. He was now Sir Cyril—an empty honor which he had no intentions of parading among the simple people who only knew him as "the parson," and who might possibly think a baronet less approachable and sympathetic in their difficulties and griefs than plain "mister."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	23.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	25.—Christmas-day.
Wednesday,	26.—St. Stephen, the Martyr.
Thursday,	27.—St. John, the Evangelist.
Friday,	28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	30.—Sunday after Christmas.

MR. MOODY's work this winter, though quiet, shows all its old power. At Burlington, Vermont, the churches have resolved to continue the union meetings through the season. The revival interest has spread from that city to the surrounding country. The Manchester *Mirror*, New Hampshire, speaks of Mr. MOODY in these enthusiastic terms: "He has the strength of an athlete, the energy of a trip-hammer, and the nervous activity of a galvanic battery. He is thoroughly, desperately in earnest. He knows the Bible from end to end, and he pours over his hearers in one constant deluging stream its warnings, its threats, its promises, and its invitations." On the first Sunday in December Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY began their meetings in Providence, Rhode Island. At 8 A.M. the Music Hall was filled, at 4 P.M. the hall and a neighboring church, in the evening the hall was filled again, and two overflow meetings were held in the neighborhood.

As to the compensation of the evangelists, Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY received during November $500 together, and their colleagues the same or less.

The salaries of the managers of charitable societies are much discussed at the present time, and the disposition to make reductions in them is very strong. The secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society have been diminished in number from three to two. The two remaining have requested that their pay be reduced to $4000 yearly. Dr. A. H. CLAPP, the retiring secretary, and a most valuable officer, has been elected treasurer, at a salary of $2500. Dr. RAY PALMER retires from the American Congregational Union, with which he has been long and usefully connected. The union will change its name, and take hereafter the title of the "Congregational Church Building Society," which will more accurately describe its function. The American Board pays its two secretaries $3500 each, a treasurer $3500, and has also a salaried editor. The Presbyterian Missionary secretaries receive about the same compensation; those of the Methodist Mission Board, about $3000, and a liberal allowance for house rent. Economy is good, but it is possible for charitable societies to economize to such an extent as to drive the best men from their service. A cheap man sometimes proves to be a dear bargain.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Committee, whose annual meeting in Philadelphia has already been noticed, appropriated for the year 1878 $137,000. Of the 9234 Methodist societies under the jurisdiction of the Church, collections were taken for this fund during 1877 in 5943. The Church Extension Board has been able to save a number of houses of worship which had been sold for debt. The number aided during the ten months ending October 31 was 222; by donations, 158 of this number; by loans alone, 25; by donations and loans, 39. One hundred and three of the churches aided are in the South.

Few American clergymen have had a more fruitful life than the Rev. Dr. GEORGE TURNBULL, of Hartford, Connecticut, recently deceased. He had for long years been one of the foremost men in the Baptist churches of that State. Many years ago, when Dr. HORACE BUSHNELL's *God in Christ* appeared, he wrote a reply thereto, entitled *Theophany*, which was highly commended for its attractive style. His books of travel, *The Genius of Scotland* and *The Genius of Italy*, have been widely read. He edited, also, Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON's *Discussions on Philosophy*. Dr. TURNBULL had many of the characteristics of genius. During his pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Hartford 958 persons were added to the roll of communicants.

The Emperor ALEXANDER of Russia has signalized his reign by directing the preparation of a translation of the Bible into the modern Russ language. Such has been the progress of popular education in the empire during recent years that the demand for copies of the new version has been very great, and continually increases. The agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society have distributed thousands of copies among the soldiers of the Russian army, and have been surprised to find so many capable of reading for themselves. The Rev. Dr. W. H. BIDWELL, of New York, who has been travelling in Russia, reports that the circulation of Bibles and Testaments in 1876 in the northern part of the empire was 264,227; in 1877 thus far it has been 247,656. The number issued from St. Petersburg in 1877 has been 58,283 copies; from Moscow, 83,955; there were sold this year at Nijni-Novgorod, during the great fair, 8697 copies.

The majority of the clergy of the English Church appear to be still opposed to any concession upon the burials question. The debates in the diocesan conferences, held since the adjournment of Parliament, have uniformly come to the same result—the rejection both of Lord HARROWBY's amendment and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's bill. The fact that Lord HARROWBY's amendment has already passed the House of Lords makes no visible impression on the state clergy.

Mrs. JOHN C. GREEN, of this city, whose gift of $50,000 to the Presbyterian missionary treasury was duly chronicled at the time, has made a munificent donation of $100,000 to the American Sunday-school Union. The money will be held in trust for the Union by the Philadelphia Trust, Safe Deposit, and Insurance Company, and the interest will be expended annually in part for Sunday-school missionary work, and in part for the development of an improved Sunday-school literature.

The directors of the Philadelphia Permanent Exhibition have yielded the point which has been in controversy between them and many of the citizens of Philadelphia, and have resolved to close the Exhibition on Sundays. They admit also that the Sunday opening experiment was a financial failure. The directors have submitted to a controlling public sentiment so gracefully that the bitter feeling once excited by their policy will most probably soon pass away.

The Presbyterian Memorial Church of this city has recently paid off its debt of $110,000—an almost unparalleled achievement for New York in these times. The management of the effort to raise this sum (which occupied two Sundays) was placed in the hands of EDWARD KIMBALL, of Chicago, Mr. MOODY's old friend. Mr. KIMBALL has of late made the paying off of the debts of Presbyterian churches a specialty. Of his efficiency the pastor of the Memorial Church, Dr. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, says: "I record my deliberate conviction that we could no more have raised this sum of money without his aid than we could have lifted the Cordilleras. I can not imagine that the most fastidious taste or the most delicate religious feeling could have found any thing to reject or regret in what he said and did those two Sabbath mornings in God's house."

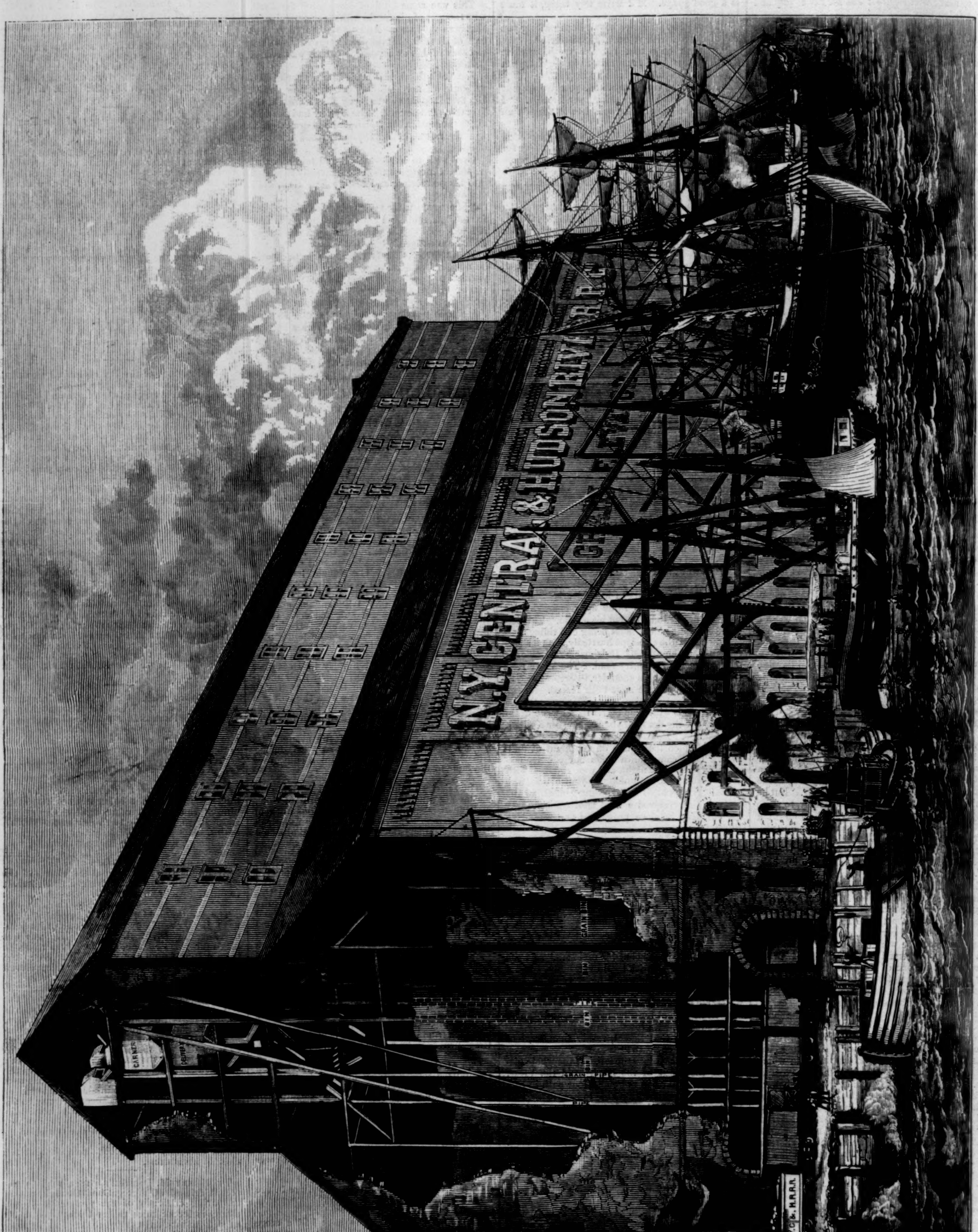
Mr. TOOTH wins. He beats Lord PENZANCE on a technicality. When the TOOTH case was tried, Lord PENZANCE sat at Lambeth Palace, when he should have sat at London, Westminster, or within the diocese of Rochester. It was anticipated several months ago that this plea would be accepted as valid by the Court of Queen's Bench, as it has been.

Though not attracting great crowds to hear him, the Rev. GEORGE MÜLLER does attract to himself the interest of thoughtful Christians, as he journeys from city to city of the United States. His personal history is more to them than his preaching. His modesty, simplicity of character, and great sincerity have won for him the esteem of all. For a man of seventy years, he is an effective speaker, but the charm of his addresses consists in his giving a new interest to old and well-known truths.

The Southern Methodist Episcopal Church has lost very suddenly by death one of its bishops, the Rev. Dr. E. R. MARVIN. He was but fifty-four years of age, and had just returned from a tour round the world. Elected to the Episcopate in 1866, he has filled the office eleven years with great vigor and efficiency.

It will be remembered that the election of the Rev. Mr. HOSSBACH to be pastor of St. James's Church, Berlin, was annulled by the Consistory, on the ground that his liberal theological opinions unfitted him for the position. On October 29 a meeting of the parishioners was held to sustain Mr. HOSSBACH. The principal speech was made by Dr. TECHOW, who advocated in the Synod the disuse of the Apostles' Creed as a symbol of faith. He maintained that Pastor HOSSBACH should hold his place, because in his trial sermon, "instead of the old historic miracles, he laid down pure Christian love of our neighbor as the foundation of the Christian religion." Dr. TECHOW was loudly cheered, the whole assembly rising from their seats at the close of his address.

Dr. HENRY M. DEXTER's paper, read to the recent Triennial Congregational Council, was an unsparing criticism of the preference of the churches for supplies rather than permanently settled pastors. He stated that but little more than one in three of the churches have pastors, "while deducting from the reported sum total those pastors and the nearly 1000 who are counted out of the pastoral work, as secretaries, college officers and other teachers, editors, life-insurance agents, genteel drones, and dunces, and in one way and another we have no fewer than from 1300 to 1400 remaining, who are, or are at any moment liable to become, candidates for the pastorate." In relation to the mode of settlement, after hearing many candidates, he says of the accepted minister: "He is invited, and accepts. A Council is called. He has no credentials; no theology to speak of. The Council hesitate. But the church and parish, especially the latter, intimate that they are bound to have him, Council or no Council. If the removal of this pastor, when the time comes, be not from the parsonage to the penitentiary, the people may thank something besides their own prudence." This is strongly said, and some allowance must be made for the warmth of the essayist's feeling, but the evil deplored is undoubtedly great.



GRAIN ELEVATOR OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder from a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 1010.]

AN OPEN QUESTION STILL.

Uncle Sam. "You don't give Bread with —— ?"

An editorial article in the London *Times* says, in effect, that it is absurd to question the validity of the Fishery Commission's decision; that unfortunately the award only amounts to a temporary settlement of the question, and that an early opportunity should be taken to intimate to the American government that England would like to see it settled, and is prepared to negotiate.

A GRAIN ELEVATOR.

THOSE of our readers who are in the habit of crossing the ferries that connect New York with her Long Island and New Jersey suburbs must be tolerably familiar with the numerous floating grain elevators used for transferring cargoes from freight-cars to the ships and steamers that bear our cereal products to foreign markets. There are nearly forty of these elevators constantly employed in this work. After receiving its load from the cars by means of a "chute," the elevator—which is an ingenious contrivance for hoisting grain in buckets fastened to an endless belt high enough to pour through an iron tube into a ship's hold—steams up to the dock where the ship or steamer is lying, and transfers its cargo with a celerity that would astonish a shipper of the past generation, could he revisit the scenes of his youth.

The elevator of which we give an engraving on page 1008 differs from the floating machines in being stationary and of vastly greater dimensions. It stands at the foot of Sixtieth Street, on the North River, and is used for transferring to ships the grain brought from the West by the New York Central and Hudson River railroads. It is 380 feet in length, 100 feet wide, and 150 feet high. There are twenty-two unloading pits in the building, and its total capacity is 1,200,000 bushels of grain. During the last sixty days the cargoes of from 200 to 300 cars have been handled every day at this elevator. About 150,000 bushels of wheat can be delivered every ten hours.

New York has but one stationary grain elevator, while there are fifteen at Chicago, seven at Milwaukee, and five at St. Louis. The floating elevators are perhaps better suited to the necessities of New York commerce, as they carry their freight to any part of the harbor, instead of obliging the ships to leave their docks to receive it. The stationary elevator of which we give a picture was constructed solely to receive and transfer the grain sent to New York over the New York Central and Hudson River railroads. Grain brought here by the railroads whose terminus is on the New Jersey side of the river is transferred in the floating elevators.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CERTAIN facts recently made public show that there is a very intimate connection between neglect of sanitary precautions and the prevalence of diphtheria and scarlet fever. These diseases, contagious and very fatal, particularly among children, sometimes attack a patient simultaneously. As recent health reports indicate a startling increase in the number of deaths in this city from these two diseases, it becomes a matter of great importance for every one to know what preventable causes exist. A vitiated atmosphere is one well-recognized originator of diphtheria, scarlet and typhoid fever, and kindred diseases. Miasma most deadly in its effects often arises from defective drainage, resulting directly from imperfect plumbing in our houses. The inspection of plumbing is manifestly a matter of great difficulty; but in many instances where it has been done, the examination has revealed defects that point conclusively to the cause of sickness and death in the immediate locality. The dangers of sewer gas, when it penetrates dwelling-houses, are positive and widely recognized, and any system by which the operations of the plumber might be legally and thoroughly examined would be a public blessing. All causes that vitiate the air increase the death rate in our cities. Or, as some one very justly and bluntly remarks, "The mortality of a city is proportional to its dirt: so much dirt equal to so many deaths."

December brought genuine wintry weather in various parts of the country. In Northern New York the thermometer fell several degrees below zero on the first Sunday of the month. The mild autumn is past, and we may now well say, in Tennyson's words:

> "The frost is here,
> And fuel is dear,
> And woods are sear,
> And fires burn clear;
> The frost is here,
> And has bitten the heel of the going year."

Riverside Avenue, extending from Seventy-second to One-Hundred-and-Twenty-ninth Street, is now about half completed. The Commissioners claim that when this drive is finished, it will be one of the finest in the world. A fine view of the Hudson is obtained at every point. There will be foot-paths, drives, and roads for equestrians.

Any books, magazines, etc., which can be donated for the use of the men of the life-saving stations on the coast during the coming winter, may be sent to the care of Sumner J. Kimball, General Superintendent of Life-saving Service, Treasury Department, Washington, D.C. He will have magazines bound, books covered, and divide them among the most needy stations; or he will send the address of any station on application.

Most of the bodies recovered from the wreck of the *Huron* are buried between Life-saving Stations Nos. Four and Five. It is expected, however, that they will be transported to Norfolk, Virginia, for interment in the Naval Cemetery. Recognition in many cases has been impossible in consequence of the bruised condition of the bodies.

The Bennett Medal was lately presented by Mayor Ely to Joseph M'Gowan, a member of Fire-engine Company No. 6, for meritorious services in saving life during the year. He rescued six persons from a burning building. The records of the Fire Department, if made public, would doubtless show that many firemen have been equally brave in risking their lives.

The Loan Exhibition of bric-à-brac, pictures, tapestries, and laces at the Academy of Design, for the benefit of the Society of Decorative Art, has opened to the public the rarest of private treasures. About two thousand objects of art have been collected, and are most tastefully arranged. For twenty-five cents one may study this unique exhibition at his leisure.

The great Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, which has been nearly twenty years in building, is so near completion that it was recently thrown open for a day to the inspection of the public. The foundation-stone was laid in 1858 by Archbishop Hughes, and it has thus far cost about $1,500,000. The Cathedral is 334 feet long, including the chancel; the length of the transept is 176 feet. There are 103 windows, many of them of elaborate designs and brilliantly stained. It is said that in a year the interior of this great Cathedral will be completed, with the exception of the pews; but the whole edifice, including the towers and spires, which will reach to the height of 385 feet, will not be finished under three years.

A curious story is told in foreign papers to the effect that not long since a lead coffin was found between Bethany and the Mount of Olives, in which was a silver ring bearing the names of Samson and Manoah.

Babies are all the fashion just now. The unique collection of babies of all sorts and sizes at the National Baby Show in this city has awakened a very general interest, and even newspaper reporters have grown enthusiastic when they have found themselves surrounded by three or four hundred charming little cherubs. They have tried to make fun of them, but evidently have fallen in love with some of the baby beauties. The collection has varied from day to day, but soon after the opening of "Midget Hall" there were nine pairs of twins and two sets of triplets on exhibition, not to mention various other infantine marvels.

AN ALPINE AVALANCHE.

IN the summer of 1864 a party of tourists, while visiting the Alps, climbed, with great difficulty, to an elevated and snow-covered plateau, in order to obtain a better view of Swiss scenery, and contrast the beauty and richness of midsummer below with the bleakness and sterility of midwinter around and above them. In play they rolled the moist snow into large balls, they crowded it over the edge of the plateau. In falling it struck softer snow, which immediately gave way, and soon an avalanche was tearing down the mountain-side burying and destroying everything in its course. As the handful of snow became the irresistible avalanche, so the hacking cough with sore throat and Catarrh, if neglected, speedily develops into that dread destroyer, Consumption. In the early stages, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will effect a cure, though if the blood be affected or impoverished it must be purified and enriched by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the liver and bowels kept active by his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Many who despaired of life, and had been given up to die by physicians and friends, owe their restoration to the above remedies.

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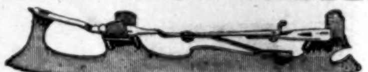

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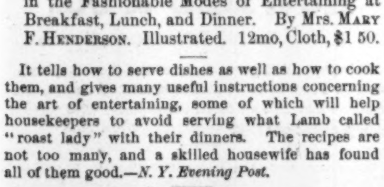

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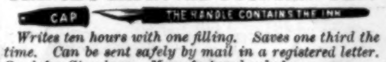

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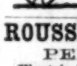

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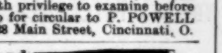

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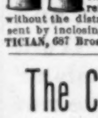

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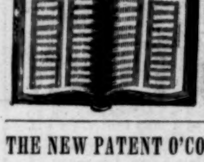

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THE ANIMATED PORTRAIT;

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THE GROBY CASTLE CONSPIRACY:

AN EXTRAVAGANZA IN SEVEN SCENES.

By ARTHUR LOCKER.

I.

LAWYER KEXBY'S ADVICE.

Groby Castle was not one of those exceptional ducal palaces which could at a pinch accommodate a brigade of soldiers, but it was a very comfortable abode for an unambitious nobleman. The house was ancient and picturesque, yet in excellent repair, and it was situated in a charming park, dotted over with fallow deer. Beyond there lay a large extent of sound farming land, all within a ring-fence, and all the property of the happy owner of Groby.

Is "happy" the proper epithet to apply to the Earl of Egglesthorpe? He had a charming wife, and a charming family of sons and daughters, but— Well, there is apt to be a worm in the bud in cases of this sort.

It was a crisp morning late in autumn, and the usual phenomena of approaching winter were making themselves visible. A pale sun illumined trees whose naked limbs showed through their variegated but swiftly thinning foliage; patches of hoar-frost whitened those parts of the lawn which lay in shade; and the under-gardeners were perpetually sweeping fallen leaves from the foot-paths.

Judging from the outward aspect of the Earl of Egglesthorpe, the worm in the bud did not seem, at that moment at least, to be particularly troublesome. He was walking briskly up and down the terrace, perfuming the air with the incense of an after-breakfast Regalia, and by his side trotted his youngest son, Eustace, a sweet little boy of seven, clad in a suit of homespun. That his lordship was not overburdened with anxiety is proved by the fact that, between the puffs of his cigar, he was teaching his son a popular ditty of the period. The song in question describes a dialogue between two persons—one youthful, the other elderly—both bearing the same Christian name, and its mention may serve to fix the date of this narrative for those persons who are interested in chronology.

From the bay-window of the library, which overlooked the terrace, two persons were impa-

tiently watching the earl's movements. Impatiently, because, having been summoned by the earl to meet him at ten o'clock precisely, he seemed, an hour afterward, totally oblivious of their existence, though their arrival had been notified by a servant. Besides, they were personages of considerable importance in the Groby executive, one being Mr. Kexby, the family lawyer, and the other Mr. Knoyle, the farm bailiff. Mr. Kexby was tall, bony, and elderly, with a large flexible nose like an incipient proboscis. Mr. Knoyle was short and stout, with a humorous eye and a hard mouth. His shoes were perhaps his most noticeable feature. They were very broad in the toes, very thick in the soles, and creaked so loudly as to strike terror into the hearts of tenant farmers who wanted to ask a favor.

"Wish he'd come," muttered Mr. Kexby, as he strode up and down, rubbing his big nose. "I have to attend an important meeting in the City this afternoon, and I want to catch the 12.15 train."

"His lordship has no sense of the value of other people's time," said Mr. Knoyle. "I've half a dozen pressing jobs on hand this morning."

"I think I'll open the window and look out," remarked the lawyer. "It may attract his attention."

"Ay, do."

Mr. Kexby opened the casement and looked out. As he did so the mischievous bailiff slyly thrust a pin into the calf of his companion's leg. The lawyer uttered an unpremeditated howl, which effectually arrested the earl's attention. Meantime Mr. Knoyle stood with his arms folded, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a Dutch sea piece.

"Hallo! Eusty," said the earl, "I forgot all about Mr. Kexby; I must go to the library." And he blandly waved his hand in the direction of the open window.

"I must really beg your lordship's humble pardon," began the lawyer, as the earl entered the room, "for the apparent liberty I took, but something—"

Here Mr. Knoyle administered a sly pinch, which again caused his companion to utter a cry of pain.

"You were quite right, quite right, Kexby, to give me a reminder," said the earl, good humoredly, "but you needn't again show me how you did it. Let's go to business." And with these words he settled himself in an arm-chair. The earl was a handsome man of middle age, with a ruddy complexion, and a curly head of iron-gray hair. His figure was remarkably youthful, and was set off by an effective velvet coat and a well-cut pair of trousers.

"Your lordship," observed Mr. Kexby, "would scarcely have ventured into these rash speculations had I not unfortunately been taking that six months' tour at the antipodes."

"Probably not, Kexby, for you know that I'm desperately afraid of you. So I took advantage of your absence, just as a child, as soon as the nurse's back is turned, begins to make itself deliciously dirty."

"Bubble concerns, every one of 'em," muttered the lawyer, as he turned over a mass of prospectuses. "Working-men's Kettle and Saucepan Company (Limited); Young Milliners' Sewing-machine Loan Association (Limited); Lake Victoria Nyanza Threepenny Steamboat Company (Limited); John Doughboy & Son, Muffin and Crumpet Bakers (Limited); North Polar Tramways Company (Limited); and half a dozen Skating Rink Companies. Your lordship, I perceive, has, in your directorial capacity, agreed to furnish skating rinks to the following localities: Masulipatam, Timbuctoo, Llangafelach, North Putney, Coyote City, and Wagga Wagga."

"I'm afraid most of your companies, my lord," said the bailiff, "are like my watch at bed-time. They want winding up."

"Ha! not bad for an impromptu, Knoyle. But now comes the question, What are we to do? I want money, and lots of it."

"Put up your rents, my lord," answered Mr. Knoyle. "Most of the Egglesthorpe property's shamefully underlet."

"Couldn't venture on it," said the earl, "at present, with a bad root crop, rinderpest threatening, 'foot and mouth' on every body's lips, and American beef tumbling in by the wagon load. What do you advise, Kexby?"

"Well, your lordship is by no means a rich man for a peer of the realm, and a large sum of cash will be needed. May I ask what induced your lordship to go into these affairs?"

"I did it chiefly to please Gwendolen. Most of these concerns were pets of hers. Poor dear soul! She is charitable and romantic to the last degree. Besides, she fancied that they would turn out profitable investments. You can conceive her enthusiasm. Young artisans on marrying were to get their kettles and saucepans at cost price; every dress-maker was to have a sewing-machine of her own (I really enjoyed that company, such nice girls used to come to the office making inquiries); Central African niggers were to travel up and down Lake What-his-name as cheaply as we do on the Thames between London Bridge and Westminster; and the north pole was to be as easily got at as—as—I have been by these humbugging promoters. Well, Kexby," concluded the earl, throwing himself back in his chair, and extending his legs, "what do you recommend?"

"The case is a bad one, and needs a severe remedy. Your lordship must sell the castle."

"Sell Groby Castle! Why, it has been six centuries in the family. Twenty generations of Lilburnes have lived here. What will my ancestors think of me?"

"They will think that your lordship should never have ventured to the eastward of Temple Bar. You have an advantage over most so-called land-owners, that Groby Castle is really your own, to do what you please with."

"But if I sell Groby, where am I to live?"

"You will still have the mansion in Upper Brook Street."

"Hang it, man, a fellow with a wife and seven daughters, to say nothing of sons, can't stew all the year round in Upper Brook Street."

"There is Ballyvanity Abbey, County Donegal. I've heard your lordship speak of it as a nice little box."

Mr. Knoyle burst into a loud laugh. "Nice little box, eh? Mr. Kexby don't know Ballyvanity as well as you and me, my lord, eh? Why, Ballyvanity has eighty-seven windows without a square of glass in 'em, the grand staircase was blown up in Cromwell's time, and there is no roof worth speaking of. Mrs. Kiernan, the housekeeper, occupies the only three habitable rooms, and she complains of being nearly eaten up by the rats."

"No, Kexby," said the earl; "I am afraid the countess, let alone the young ladies, would not approve of Ballyvanity. It makes a charming sketch in a portfolio, and there its merits end. However, if I must sell Groby—"

"I see no other way out of your lordship's troubles," interrupted the lawyer.

"I dare say we shall find some other place to shelter us besides Upper Brook Street. But now, how are we to keep this matter secret from the countess? She imagines that I am in the full tide of prosperity. If she thought that I was in pecuniary straits, above all, if she knew that I proposed selling the old place, it would break her heart. Gentlemen, I rely upon you both to keep this conversation a close secret."

"I sha'n't breathe a syllable, my lord," said Mr. Knoyle.

"Nor I," added Kexby. "Moreover, I think I can arrange for the purchase of the estate in such a manner that her ladyship shall know nothing until the bargain is completed."

"Good! Manage to keep Gwendolen—the countess, I should say—in the dark till the deed is irrevocably done, and I will consent to any thing."

II.

MILDRED TO THE RESCUE!

WHILE the earl was thus engaged in the library, an almost equally important colloquy was being held in her ladyship's boudoir between the countess and her eldest daughter, the Lady Mildred. The Lilburnes were a comely family, and Mildred was not the least attractive of the flock. She was tall, slim, and fair-haired, with large, soft gray eyes. The mother was very like the daughter, allowing for the difference of two-and-twenty years between their respective ages. She was, however, of a more excitable temperament than Mildred, and just now her agitation showed itself by the manner in which she emphasized her words.

"My dearest Mildred, I have hitherto kept silent, but I can not exist any longer without a confidante. Your poor father! Have you observed nothing?"

"You surprise me! I thought papa seemed particularly jolly just now. He was whistling on the terrace after breakfast like a curly-headed ploughboy."

"Oh! that is his artfulness, his considerate artfulness to hoodwink me and the rest of his family. Your father is laboring under the deepest anxiety. And I am the cause of it. I led him into these dreadful companies."

"Dear mamma, I thought these companies were going to double our income."

"So I thought, Mildred," replied the countess, in a self-chastising tone, "but I was deceived. The secret has been revealed to me in the dead of night—don't start, my love—not by a vision, but by your father talking in his sleep. He used to sleep like a baby, and now he lies tossing about, and talks of nothing but companies."

"But that may only prove that he is deeply interested in the companies, and not that the companies themselves are in a bad way."

"I wish I could think so, Mildred; but I am contradicted by facts. To make sure that I was not being deceived by my own dreamy imaginings, I sat up in bed last night, and took down your father's disjointed mutterings on my ivory tablets. Listen! 'Why did I ever go into the City? Confound the City! Poor Gwendolen! Take care, that fender will fall on your head. I am skating on six rinks at once. Silence that dreadful bell! Did you know the muffin man? His crumpets cost me a hundred guineas each. The boiler has burst, and all the niggers are flying through the air! Down! down! down! Ruin! ruin! We must leave Groby! Poor Gwendolen!' My dear Mildred, can you wonder that I feel anxious?"

"No; I begin to think there must be something wrong."

"And it was so touching to hear him compassionating me! So gentleman-like and considerate, even in his sleep! But we must not content ourselves with talking. Something must be done, and you, Mildred, must nerve yourself to the sacrifice."

"I am quite willing to sell dear grandmamma's diamonds," said Mildred, with the air of a placid martyr.

"Grandmamma's fiddle-stick!" exclaimed Lady Egglesthorpe, impetuously. "My child, there is a dreadful leak pouring into the ship's hold, and you talk as if you could stop it with a cambric handkerchief! That muffin imposture alone would swallow up your diamonds, necklace, earrings, and all. Mildred, you must come to the rescue by marrying a rich man."

"Any particular rich man?" asked the young lady, with a slight blush.

"Yes, my love; Sir Anthony Ammerdown."

"I knew you meant him. He is rather antique for me, isn't he?" said Mildred, with a little toss of her head.

"Of course he is not young, my dear, for he has grown-up sons; but he is so agreeable, and so distinguished—you will feel proud to be the wife of a man who has been a cabinet minister, and will probably be so again when the present people go out."

"But, mamma," pursued Mildred, "have you any reason to suppose that Sir Anthony cares the least bit about me?"

"My love," replied the countess, solemnly, and taking her daughter's hand in her own, "Sir Anthony was very confidential with me the last time he came to Brook Street. He spoke much of his loneliness since Lady Ammerdown's death, and he threw out very significant hints and glances in your direction."

"Well, mamma, let us ask him here at Christmas—I suppose papa will be able to keep his head above water till then—and then I will see whether I can bestow my affections on the renowned Privy Councillor. I suppose," she added, in an indifferent tone, "it will only be civil to ask that tall son of his also?"

"Certainly, my love. Milly," exclaimed the countess, with emotion, "you display a plastic amiability in this affair which convinces me that you are an angel!" And she imprinted a fervent kiss on her daughter's soft cheek.

III.

THE BUYER OF THE ESTATE.

BEING a mansion of respectable antiquity, Groby Castle contained a chamber which was reported to be haunted. No one—of the existing generation at least—had either seen or heard any thing of a supernatural character; nevertheless, there was a vague rumor in the family that on occasions of extraordinary emergency the portrait of Ralph Lilburne, which hung in the chamber aforesaid, was wont to quit the canvas on which it was painted, and stalk in bodily shape along the corridors of the castle. This Ralph, who had fought with great gallantry and lost his life during the civil wars, was, judging from his portrait, a good-looking, manly fellow; and as his descendant, the present owner of the estate, had a sincere admiration for his distinguished ancestor, it was not unnatural that when on the point of parting with his cherished inheritance he should stand musing before the picture.

"Well, Ancestor Ralph," he said, "what do you think of it? The deed is almost done, and in a few minutes the new purchaser of Groby will be here to complete the bargain. I hate having to make the sacrifice just as much as you must; but I hope you understand the temptations to which I have been exposed, although there were no limited companies in the seventeenth century, and that, as far as we can see, selling the property is the only way of meeting the difficulty. If you can suggest any other method," exclaimed the earl, with great earnestness, "I entreat you to step down and let me know it."

The painted face looked benignly on his descendant, but remained immovable. It was broad daylight, and the beings of the shadowy world, like the wild creatures of the woodlands, probably prefer to remain invisible while the sun is above the horizon. Nevertheless, the earl was so excited by his impassioned appeal that his usually tough nerves experienced a convulsive thrill when a tapping sounded at the door of the chamber.

It was the countess.

"So you are here, my dear Algy," she said. "I always knock before coming into this room, because I think it is more respectful to—to—" She glanced at the portrait without completing the sentence.

"To Ancestor Ralph," answered the earl. "Yes, I fancy he likes it. Well, Gwendolen, do you want me?"

"Yes, I want to consult you about our Christmas invitations. Now we are so prosperous, I think we might enlarge our usual circle of friends."

"Poor purblind darling!" thought her husband. "She is teetotally in the dark.—Yes, my dear, now that we are so prosperous, owing to these conf—these admirable companies, I feel we may venture to launch out a little."

"I should like to ask Sir Anthony Ammerdown to begin with."

"The very man I was about to mention. Delightful fellow!—Looks like a school-master, and talks like a peripatetic Blue-book," muttered the earl.

"Algernon, you are too amiable. And next—"

But here her ladyship was interrupted by the apparition of a tall footman, who announced that Mr. Kexby, Mr. Samuel Chiltoe, and Mr. Gussage had arrived, and were ready to wait upon his lordship.

"Light the gas-stove, John," said the earl; "put the writing materials on the table, and show the gentlemen up here."

"Up here!" exclaimed her ladyship.

"Yes, I prefer to settle this little business up here," replied her husband, with a friendly nod in the direction of Ancestor Ralph. "And I must ask you to retire for a few minutes, Gwendolen."

"The impending storm is about to burst," thought the countess. "Chiltoe! Gussage! The very names smell of bankruptcy and ruin! Good-by, dear," she said, with a playful smile, and quitted the apartment with a fortitude worthy of the mother of Coriolanus.

The earl, Mr. Kexby, Mr. Chiltoe, and Mr. Chiltoe's legal adviser, Mr. Gussage, before settling the formal details of the purchase, separated into two *tête-à-tête* groups, and conversed for a while in a low tone.

"Rather a cad, isn't he, Kexby?" whispered the earl.

"His heart is in the right place."

"More than his h's are. And what a queer-looking fellow his lawyer is! He's always blushing."

"He is a very young practitioner."

"His clothes are not young. He appears to have stepped into the long-pending suit (I don't mean a pun) of some ancient attorney. He's as rusty as a cottager's rasher of bacon."

The appearance of the wealthy Mr. Chiltoe certainly did not coincide with the earl's expectations. He was short, slim, and young, under thirty decidedly. His hair was of a fiery red, and his ample beard and whiskers were of the same foxy hue. Of his face little could be seen, as he wore a pair of double-windowed tinted spectacles.

"Before signing the dockyments," observed Mr. Chiltoe, rising, and placing his knuckles on the table in accordance with the oratorical attitude assumed by chairmen of harmonic gatherings, "I should like to hask his lordship one or two questions. I've been 'ard at work money-making for some time; I've hinjured my heyes with chemicals in investigating the processes which led to the discovery of my Incomparable Hair Dye, which will burst upon an astonished world on the 1st of Janewary next—*vide* advertisements which will appear a week previous in all the noosepapers of the globe—and I want rest. I sigh for recreation; I crave the soothing hinfluence of ladies' society. My lord, I want, in plain English, to pass a jolly Christmas. I couldn't think of turning you and your good lady out of your 'ouse at this festive season, so I propose an arrangement which I 'ope will suit all parties. Give me an invite, my lord; hask me to stop here during the Christmas 'olidays, and I hagree to pay for Groby Castle the price named by this respectable long-legged limb of the law."

Mr. Chiltoe concluded his motion by clapping Mr. Kexby familiarly on the back, and then sat down.

"Good, I approve," said a peculiar and somewhat muffled voice.

The four gentlemen started, and looked at each other with eyes of astonishment. Silence prevailed for a few moments, then the earl rose, and fixing his eyes on Ralph's portrait, said, in a tone of unwonted solemnity, "I accept your proposal, Mr. Chiltoe, and shall be happy to see you here whenever you can make it convenient to come."

"I've asked Mr. Chiltoe to spend Christmas week with us, Gwendolen," he afterward observed to the countess. "He's a self-made man, rather shaky in his aspirates, but a good fellow, and great fun."

IV.

AN INSCRUTABLE CREATURE.

CHRISTMAS week came, and with it most of the expected guests. Sir Anthony Ammerdown arrived among others, and apologized for the absence of his tall son, who was detained, he said, by unavoidable business, but hoped to make his appearance before the holidays were over. On hearing this news, the Lady Mildred appeared at first somewhat chagrined, but after a confidential walk on the terrace with Sir Anthony she recovered her usual spirits so completely that any misgivings which her mother might have felt were completely removed. "It is evident," thought the countess, "that Sir Anthony has kept his son away for fear of any possible rivalry, and it is also evident that darling Mildred accepts the situation. She will make the required plunge, and save us from ruin."

Meantime the presumed philanderings of Sir Anthony attracted little attention on the part of the other inmates of Groby Castle, their curiosity being so completely absorbed by the sayings and doings of Mr. Samuel Chiltoe. He was emphatically a man of mystery. Nobody seemed to know any thing about him, except Mr. Kexby, and that astute practitioner of the law parried all inquiries by remarking: "Wait till the new year comes, then you shall know all that I know." Even Lord Egglesthorpe, who was aware that the title-deeds of his estate had passed into the hands of this vulgar-spoken, carroty-pated little man, was obliged to be content to remain as much in the dark as any body else. "You know as much, my lord, as it is necessary for you to know at present," said Kexby. "Mr. Chiltoe handed me a thumping check, which was duly honored by the bankers upon whom it was drawn, and with the proceeds of that check I am satisfying your creditors. You have no further cause for anxiety; eat, drink, and be merry while Christmas-tide lasts, and if after Christmas I have any thing further which I think it advisable to tell your lordship, you shall hear it."

Mr. Chiltoe's popularity with the rest of the guests was remarkable. When Sir Anthony arrived, Lord Egglesthorpe felt himself constrained to take that notable statesman aside, and apologize for Mr. Chiltoe's appearance at Groby Castle. "He is a man with whom I have had some business transactions, and whom I feel bound to treat with courtesy; but you will easily understand, Sir Anthony, that I should not voluntarily choose him as a companion."

To the earl's surprise, after a lengthened colloquy with the objectionable Chiltoe, Sir Anthony spoke thus, using the dogmatic tone in which, in days of yore, he had been wont when seated on the Treasury Bench to reply to the complaints of some obscure M.P. "My lord, I am compelled to differ with the estimate you appear to have formed of Mr. Chiltoe. I find him a well-informed, intelligent young man. His accent, I admit, is peculiar, but if your lordship had sat as long as I have in the House of Commons, your ear would soon learn to tolerate all kinds of accents." The earl, usually so good natured, was quite nettled at this little homily, but he kept his irritation under control, and did not allow it to make itself visible. In secret he vented his wrath to the following effect: "Annoying enough to have a low fellow like Chiltoe buy your estate over your head, but to be told that you can't discern a cad from a gentleman is rather too much. It's the way with these political men; they contradict just for

"SIR ANTHONY STOOD FROWNING AND PURSING UP HIS LIPS."

the sake of contradiction." His lordship felt quite a childish pleasure when, early the next morning, happening to follow Sir Anthony, who was attired in his dressing-gown, into the children's play-room, he found his youngest son Eustace, accompanied by his small sister Lilian, busily engaged in executing a portrait of the ex-cabinet minister on the wall. "It would have made an amusing picture," he afterward told his wife. "The children were absorbed in their occupation, and totally unconscious that any body was behind them, while Sir Anthony stood frowning and pursing up his lips, till after a moment or two, he broke into a laugh at the absurdity of the caricature, whereupon the little ones scuttled away like a pair of mice when the cat appears."

Lady Egglesthorpe again, who was usually most particular in the selection of her acquaintances, was wonderfully gracious toward Mr. Chiltoe. But in her case the phenomenon was, in part, due to fear. She entertained a conviction that this man was in some way connected with Algernon's pecuniary troubles; she felt sure that her husband would not have invited him to Groby if he had not felt himself in Chiltoe's power; and she determined therefore to make friends of the formidable little man, with the view of disarming his future hostility. Besides, as soon as she had overcome her original repugnance to his personal appearance and mode of speaking, she found, like Sir Anthony, that there was something remarkably winning about the patentee of the Incomparable Hair Dye. And she observed another phenomenon which added to his attractiveness. "It is most interesting," she remarked to her husband, "to trace the effect of a little good society on an uneducated person. After talking to me for some time, Mr. Chiltoe really speaks so well that I could almost fancy he was a gentleman, but then he suddenly forgets himself, and commits the most terrible havoc among his h's as if to make up for lost time. Mildred and Hilda, strangely enough, don't seem to notice whether he is vulgar or not. They converse with him as freely as with any other young man. But then young ladies nowadays are getting very democratic in their tastes. I sometimes even fancy that Hilda has really a sort of liking for Mr. Chiltoe."

"Gwendolen, you must be joking."

"Indeed I am not. Mothers have very acute eyes."

"Imagine that horrid little red-headed vulgarian for a son-in-law!"

"He is neither so horrid nor so vulgar as you suppose, Algy."

"But," added the earl, in a softened tone, for

THE MASQUERADE BA GRA

he began to think that a man who had captured his castle might as well be captured by one of the castle's daughters—"but surely that little baggage, Hilda, won't give him any serious encouragement. Have you forgotten how she wept, and shut herself up, and got thin, and had to be fattened with light brown cod-liver oil, when that impudent young lieutenant was ordered off to China on board the *Scamperdown?* I don't like coquettes," added his lordship, in a tone of unusual severity.

"My dear Algy, that happened a long time ago, and, besides, sailors don't count as serious admirers. They are all alike, from admiral to cabin-boy. They find sweethearts in every port. My lord," she added, changing her tone to one of great solemnity, on which occasions only she used this formal mode of address—"my lord, you best know why this mysterious man is here. He evidently possesses some strange influence over you, and it is my duty, as a loving wife, to second your endeavors to please him."

Lord Egglesthorpe was quite impressed with the seriousness of his wife's manner, and coupling it with the mysterious words of encouragement which had been addressed in the haunted chamber to Chiltoe, determined to let Gwendolen arrange that uncanny little gentleman's love affairs as she pleased.

Not long after this dialogue took place the countess was about to descend the grand staircase, when a very pretty sight in the hall below caught her eye. Hilda was standing in the hall by an old-fashioned press, which served as a store-closet, and from which she had taken some biscuits. She had coaxed several of the deer from the park into the hall to eat these dainties from her hand, indeed, one forward creature had the temerity to thrust its nose into the press, in quest of a further supply. Others, too timid to enter in obedience to the summons of their fair mistress, stood shyly without the portal, while, to complete the picture, Lilian, afraid of the branching horns of a noble buck, ensconced herself behind her sister's skirts, and the cat stood with arched back and glaring eyes, as much as to say: "How dare these vulgar out-of-door quadrupeds set foot in my premises!" Lady Egglesthorpe stood for some moments in silent admiration of this lovely picture, the mother's pride in the graceful attitude of her second daughter prevailing naturally over all her other emotions. For a brief space she soared in a delightful empyrean of unconsciousness. She was brought down to earth again with a bang, as it were, by a vulgar voice, which croaked in her ear. "Ain't it a pooty scene, my lady? Worthy of a fust-class hartist! Worthy of a Har Hay! The hanimals are charming, but the Lady 'Ilda is the charmingest of hall!"

Brought down so unceremoniously from her pleasant reverie, Lady Egglesthorpe experienced a transient sensation of disgust toward the utterer of these vile cockneyisms, and she said, with some asperity, "I do wish, Mr. Chiltoe, if only for the sake of our guests, that you would be rather more careful in the pronunciation of your h's."

"I can't 'elp it, my lady, I really can't; I caught it when young from a hungrammatical nuss. But I'll make a heffort to please you, my lady." He then added, in an accent which would have passed muster in the selectest of circles, "It's a very pretty sight; how I wish I could sketch!"

"You are an inscrutable creature," said the countess, regarding him fixedly. "If you would always speak like that I would do any thing to please you. I would—"

"Would you?" he returned, in a low, impetuous tone. "Would you assist me in gaining the dearest wish of my 'art?"

"Now you are relapsing into vulgarity, Mr. Chiltoe!"

"Ham I? If I ham, it's because the heffort with haitches is hawful. Listen, my lady," he continued, drawing her into a recess of the landing which was out of ear-shot of the hall, "I love that gurl, the Lady 'Ilda. I—"

"Hush, dear Mr. Chiltoe, you must not talk so. The fact is, my daughter is too young to think of such matters."

"Not too young to think of leftenants, Har, Hen," replied Mr. Chiltoe, severely.

"Who told you this?" exclaimed the countess, with amazement. "But please say lieutenant; it sounds nicer."

"Leftenant or lewtenant, it's all the same. I know the party. 'Ow, I decline to state. H. M. S. *Scamperdown*, China station, heh, my lady?"

"You have guessed rightly."

"Perhaps you are not aware, my lady, that I possess the gift of [illegible]
leftenant now. Ha[illegible]
over the balustrade[illegible]
he has his heyes fi[illegible]
best in hall the wor[illegible]

"In China?" ask[illegible]

"I sha'n't say w[illegible]
tone. "Now, my l[illegible]
know 'ow the land [illegible]
to the Lady 'Ilda?"

The countess ma[illegible]
Chiltoe nimbly desc[illegible]
from the bright su[illegible]
him, it looked as if [illegible]
cess with the lieute[illegible]

WAIT TILL T[illegible]

"WHO is that t[illegible]
coat whom I saw in[illegible]
countess to Sir A[illegible]
following morning.

"Perhaps you di[illegible]

RADE BA GRAND PROCESSION.

e gift of I can see that
now. Ha claimed, leaning
balustrade is very hinstant
s heyes fi oman he loves
ll the wor
ina?" ask s, breathlessly.
n't say w ed, in a prosaic
Now, my l satisfied you I
the land and make love
dy 'Ilda?"
ntess ma sture of assent.
mbly desc irs, and judging
bright sm h Hilda greeted
oked as if chance of suc-
the lieute art.

AIT TILL T ANUARY.

is that t in the scarlet
n I saw in now?" said the
to Sir A rdown on the
morning.
ps you di him 'in pink,'

Lady Egglesthorpe," replied the ex-minister. "I have the honor to be that tall young man's father."

"Your son, is it?" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of surprise which was scarcely polite. She feared that her little intrigue for converting Sir Anthony into a son-in-law might be imperilled.

"He has only just arrived," continued the baronet. "He is passionately fond of hunting, and hearing that the hounds were to meet at Ryecroft Bottom to-day, he ran down by the early train. Your neighbor, Sir Everard, has promised to mount him, and I fancy he'll spend the night there."

Lady Egglesthorpe began to feel re-assured. It was plain that the cunning old statesman had taken precautions that his son should not see too much of the fascinating Mildred. Nor was she alarmed when the baronet added, in a careless tone, "I've asked Lady Mildred to ride over with me to see them throw off," for she felt that any danger which might arise from the companionship of the son would be counterbalanced by the advantages of a *tête-à-tête* with the father.

"Ah! there she is," said Sir Anthony, glancing down stairs, "already in her riding-habit."

Yes, there she was truly, and very fascinating she looked, for her face wore an especially bright, animated expression as she conversed with Mr. Edgar Ammerdown, the rising young diplomat. Lady Egglesthorpe's motherly instinct taught her at a glance that this delightful little dialogue had better be cut short as soon as possible, lest mischief should grow out of it, and she was about to swoop down on the confidence-exchanging couple for the purpose of carrying out her amiable intention, when her plans were frustrated by the sudden appearance of that odious little Mr. Chiltoe, who, with somewhat vulgar familiarity, laid a hand, clad in the most staring yellow dog-skin, on her plump arm, and whispered, "Might I 'ave two words with your ladyship? I 'ear the 'ounds are going to throw hoff; I adore 'ounds, but I'm no 'orseman. 'Ave you a pony you could spare me? Little Lady Lilian's pony would suit me down to the ground. He's fat, he's hold, and he's small, so that if I tumble, and I'm a wretched 'orseman, Lady Egglesthorpe, I sha'n't 'ave fur to fall."

The countess had much ado to refrain from laughter upon hearing this singular request, especially as the little gentleman who proffered it was attired in the most sportsman-like style, green cut-away coat, cord nether-garments, and top-boots, but she simply replied that Lilian's pony was quite at Mr. Chiltoe's service.

It is a singular fact that so long as the dog-skin grasp of the inventor of the Incomparable Hair Dye was on Lady Egglesthorpe's sleeve, Mr. Edgar Ammerdown held the Lady Mildred's fair hand in his own, but as soon as Mr. Chiltoe uttered the sportsman-like monosyllable, "'Yoicks!" apparently as an expression of his delight at having secured such a splendid mount, the fond hands parted as if by magic, and Lady Egglesthorpe on descending the stairs found the attitude of the young couple perfectly unobjectionable. So, after exchanging the usual greetings with her intended grandson-in-law, she simply reminded Mildred that she must try and manage to devote the afternoon to the distribution of Christmas gifts to the cottagers.

Mr. Chiltoe's feats of horsemanship excited great merriment at the meet, but the earl, who had a keen eye for such matters, observed to Mr. Knoyle, "They may laugh at him, but the fellow knows how to make the pony go. I hope he won't break the poor old thing's wind. And if you take notice, although he's always within an ace of tumbling off, he always rights himself. It takes a clever horseman to do that."

"The little gentleman's quite a puzzle to me, my lord," remarked Mr. Knoyle.

"To me, too," replied the earl. "Let us hope, Knoyle," he added, in a half whisper, "he'll make a good landlord."

Mildred was, as has been already shown, a dutiful daughter, and after luncheon she appeared fully equipped for her cottage rounds. She was a great favorite among the poor people, and none received her more gladly than old Mrs. Boscobel, who delighted in a visit from the great folks at the castle. As soon as the foot-boy had deposited the old dame's Christmas hamper Mildred settled herself for a chat.

"I'm so glad you like Sir Anthony," she said. "Some people think him pompous, but it's only his outward manner."

"He warn't pompous with me, your ladyship. He set where you're setting, and talked as free and easy to me as if I was her Majesty. I hear

"AIRY FAIRY LILIAN."

he used to talk to her Majesty, and tell her what she ought to do, and, what's more, her Majesty used to do it. Think of that, my lady! And then he talked about you, Lady Mildred, and he said you were the nicest young—"

"Now, Mrs. Boscobel," interposed Mildred, playfully, "you must not repeat Sir Anthony's praises, or I shall grow too conceited. But see, here comes mamma."

"Mildred," said the countess, "please finish your rounds as quickly as you can, for till you come every thing is at a stand-still with the preparations for the Calico Ball. I will drive with you, and then we shall get the visits over quicker."

As soon as they were seated, Lady Egglesthorpe said, confidentially, "And what do you think of him now, my darling?"

"Him? which him? There are so many hims."

"My dear child, there is only one him, you know, in whom I wish you to be interested."

"You mean Sir Anthony?"

"Of course I do. Tell me, Mildred."

"Well, mamma, he is old, like father William in the song, but he is nice, very nice."

"Do you think you can love him?"

"I love him already."

"But I mean as a husband?"

"I will answer that question, mamma, on the first of January."

"The first of January!" exclaimed the countess; "what a strange fascination that date seems to have for certain people at Groby Castle! I ask your father, who has at length reluctantly admitted to me that the affairs of those horrible companies are not so brilliant as they should be, for further information about them, he says, 'Wait till the first of January.' I ask Mr. Kexby to tell me something of the antecedents of that mysterious little creature, Mr. Chiltoe, he replies, 'Wait till the first of January.' I ask Mr. Chiltoe himself to tell me something of himself, he answers, 'I will fully satisfy your ladyship on the first of January.' I ask Hilda to decide whether she will accept Mr. Chiltoe's proposals, she says, 'Wait till the first of January,' and now you have joined in the plot. Are you all leagued together in a dark conspiracy?"

"Dear mamma," said Mildred, kissing her mother, "put these strange fancies out of your head, and wait patiently till the first of January."

VI.

AIRY FAIRY LILIAN.

WAS there really a conspiracy hatching within the venerable walls of Groby? Lady Egglesthorpe certainly thought so, and she also believed that Mr. Samuel Chiltoe, that mysterious little man, who alternately attracted and repelled her,

was at the bottom of it. The earl also knew something of which his wife as yet remained in blissful ignorance, namely, that Groby had passed out of his hands, and that so far from being a munificent host entertaining a circle of Christmas guests, the presence of himself and his family at the castle was solely due to the good-natured forbearance of that vulgar little proprietor of the Incomparable Hair Dye. Having a superstitious streak in his composition, he was wont to repair every day, and sometimes several times in the day, to the Haunted Chamber, where he would stand for many minutes together with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the immovable countenance of Ancestor Ralph.

He was thus engaged early in the morning of the thirty-first of December, on the evening of which the much-anticipated Calico Ball was to take place. "The last day of the old year, Ancestor Ralph," he said, addressing the picture, which was just visible in the dawning light of the brief winter day. "Long before this time next year a new master will rule in the castle. When that happens I shall be afraid to look you in the face. I shall hide you in a garret in Upper Brook Street, with your face to the wall. But could you endure the change more easily, Ancestor Ralph, if this stranger, who is destined to take my place, were to ally himself with my family, say, with my Hilda?"

To the discomfiture of the earl's nerves, a deep sepulchral voice, which apparently came from the picture itself, distinctly replied, "I could." The earl laid his hands on the mouldering tapestry, and was on the point of drawing it aside with the view of discovering whether there was any person concealed behind it, when his attention was distracted by the sound of rapid footsteps hurrying up the stairs, accompanied by half-suppressed childish screams, in which merriment and terror were equally blended. In another moment the door was abruptly opened.

The thirty-first of December, be it known, besides being the day fixed for the Calico Ball, was also the anniversary of, in the opinion of the Lady Lilian, a much more important event, namely, the Lady Lilian's birthday. Her ladyship awoke at a very early hour, and lay awake for some time, exercising her imagination over the presents which she was likely to receive, till at last the excitement became too much for her, and, as the sleepy nurse showed no signs of rising, she got up and quietly dressed herself. It was so delightful being up while the rest of the household was wrapped in a solemn stillness, that presently she aroused her brother Eustace in order that she might have a companion in her enjoyment. Eustace quite saw the fun of the thing; as soon as he was broad awake, he dressed himself in a trice, and then the pair wandered about the corridors and passages, like a couple of little ghosts.

"Hush! what's that?" whispered Eustace, clutching his sister's hand, and thrusting her into a corner. It was sufficiently terrifying. A tall male figure, arrayed in what looked like a dressing-gown, crept stealthily up the staircase leading to the Haunted Chamber.

"It's papa," replied Lilian, who between cold and fright was all of a tremble. "He often goes there now."

"No, *that's* papa!" exclaimed the brother, blowing out the candle as he spoke for fear of detection. It was very extraordinary. A second male figure, also arrayed in a dressing-gown, but stouter and less active in step, had also mounted the stairs leading toward the mysterious apartment.

Lady Lilian's courage was rapidly oozing away. She began to whimper, and said, "I want to go back to bed."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the valiant Eustace. "Why, the sun 'll be up soon. Let's go and pay Mr. Chiltoe a visit. He's such a jolly chap, though mamma says he murders the Queen's English."

Presently, having advanced a little further, Eustace paused before a door.

"Doesn't the splashing sound jolly? He's having his shower-bath. No, Lily, you mustn't peep through the key-hole. It's only intended for gentlemen. I'll look, and tell you when he has his dressing-gown on. There; now he's all right, and we can go in."

Mr. Chiltoe was not unaccustomed to the visits of these young persons, and usually took certain precautions before admitting them; but on the present occasion, before Lilian had been two minutes inside the door, she saw Something on the dressing-table of such an extraordinary and unexampled character that she clapped it on her head, and when Mr. Chiltoe tried to take it from her rushed out of the room, screaming with half-hysterical laughter. Mr. Chiltoe followed, with a towel hastily thrown over his head, and a hair-brush in either hand. He pursued the little Lady Lilian, who ran like a hare, and whose brother kept pace with her, to the door of the Haunted Chamber, which Eustace boldly opened. Father and children were so mutually startled at the sight of each other, that they only half saw, or did not see at all, a tall figure which glided from behind the arras, snatched something from Lilian's curly pate, placed it on Chiltoe's head, and vanished. Mr. Chiltoe himself retreated immediately afterward toward his own apartment, running in his flight right into the motherly arms of Lady Egglesthorpe, to whom he apologized profusely for his state of dishabille. The countess had been told that Lilian and Eustace had mysteriously disappeared from their beds, and was anxiously seeking them, so she was quite relieved when she found they were safe and sound, and kissed Lilian with fervor.

"Mamma," said the little birthday pet, in an engaging half whisper, "I've seen somefin' so funny. Mr. Chiltoe has a—"

What bullies elder sisters can sometimes be! Just as poor Lilian was beginning her story the Ladies Mildred and Hilda rushed forward simultaneously and with anxious faces, saying, "Dear mamma, Lily talks too much; she'll excite herself into a fever. Come, Lily, there is something wonderful in the conservatory. Let's go and look at it."

Away trotted Lilian, with the happy elasticity of childhood, forgetting all about Mr. Chiltoe in the anticipation of this new marvel. The something wonderful in the conservatory proved to be a collection of birthday presents, and Lilian was persuaded by Hilda to put on her hat and jacket, and to enter the house, professing to have been out shopping in the village. It was a pretty sight, the company thought, when they had assembled for breakfast, to see her arrival, her face grave with excess of joy, and her little arms laden with gifts.

VII.

ANCESTOR RALPH STEPS OUT OF THE CANVAS.

THE characters in the Calico Ball which took place at Groby Castle on the evening of the 31st December were entirely sustained either by children or by young persons who had not yet done growing. The dresses had been very carefully designed, and they attracted a great deal of attention inasmuch as they afforded a pretty complete panorama of the fashions from the Middle Ages up to a recent date. It was a picturesque sight to see them filing along two by two in procession. A French *Incroyable* of the period to which the famous Madame Angot belonged walked with one of Queen Bess's maids of honor; Mary Queen of Scots took the arm of a Hussar; George the Third went back some centuries, to the time of Richard the First, for a partner; a mediæval jester vented his sallies on a staid little maiden out of one of Albert Dürer's engravings. There was nothing wonderful in the fact that a shepherdess should be linked with a postboy, but it was remarkable that a gay lady from the court of the Merry Monarch should condescend to walk with a long-tailed Chinaman. Instead of a wolf, Little Red Riding-hood chose Paddy with his shillalah under his arm for a comrade; and besides these there were peasants from Normandy and Alsace, a *vivandière*, a corsair, Turks, Italians, Spaniards, and a Boulogne fisherwoman leaning on the arm of a British Jack Tar. The Ladies Mildred and Hilda had worked indefatigably in the arrangement of the children's toilets, and they received valuable aid from Mr. Chiltoe, who, as became the inventor of the Incomparable Hair Dye, showed considerable skill in the arrangement of tresses, whether artificial or natural.

The grown-up portion of the company, who were attired in ordinary evening costume, played, at any rate in the earlier hours of the entertainment, the part of spectators rather than of actors, and they were content to look on at elaborate quadrilles which were danced by little ladies and gentlemen hailing in point of dress from all the centuries between the twelfth and the nineteenth. Later on, however, the inspiriting strains of the musicians became too fascinating for resistance, and every body, old and young, tall and short (a small minority excepted, who did not care for dancing), was presently whirling round in waltzes, galops, and the newly revived polkas, or threading the mazes of Scotch reels, or kneeling down in the Swedish *contredanse*, or advancing and retreating in La Tempête, or bowing and courtesying in Roger de Coverley. Fancy and non-fancy dresses were all mingled together in comic complexity. Napoleon the Great, a plump little hero of four feet six, was being whirled round by a wiry spinster aunt of five feet nine; slim young men in swallow-tailed coats strove to dance with little ladies from the courts of Francis I., Henri IV., and Louis XIV.; while a small but gallant grenadier, who might have fought at Fontenoy, pirouetted with a tall young lady, dressed in the severely classic style of the First French Republic.

Nobody was in greater request than Mr. Samuel Chiltoe. He danced every dance, round, square, or polygonical; and as he always chose a fresh lady, he worked his way conscientiously through the centuries. He was, of course, too peculiar to be dressed in ordinary evening garments. He wore a court suit of rich plum-color, and, despite his fiery hair and tinted spectacles, made a very smart little figure.

The Earl of Egglesthorpe, the ostensible master of the mansion, stood by the fire-place, between his wife and Sir Anthony Ammerdown, gazing at the merry scene with eyes which had lost their usual expression of easy good humor. Just then the clock chimed three-quarters. The hands pointed to a quarter to twelve.

"The new year will soon be here," observed Sir Anthony.

"Ay!" said the earl, gloomily, "and the new owner of Groby will soon claim his rights."

"Algy! my darling husband, of what are you speaking?" exclaimed Lady Egglesthorpe in alarm.

"Sir Anthony," continued the earl, "you are an old family friend, and I will tell you all. Gwendolen may as well hear it too. She must hear it some day. I have been hit hard by those confounded companies; I wanted cash, and I have sold Groby to—to"— here the earl nearly broke down—"to that red-headed little monkey in plum-colored velvet!"

"Algy," murmured the countess, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "is this a dream or a reality?"

"It is a fiction, my dear Lady Egglesthorpe," said Sir Anthony, emphatically. "Chiltoe, I am certain, has never—"

Here the speech of the ex-minister was interrupted by a commotion at the lower end of the hall, whence there proceeded loud shrieks, and whither in a few moments every body crowded from all sides of the spacious apartment. Presently above the hubbub the resonant voice of Mr. Chiltoe was heard shouting, "Give him room, ladies and gentlemen! Give the gallant warrior room to move!"

Before proceeding further, it is advisable at this point to step a few paces backward in the chronology of this narrative. Among the visitors at Groby Castle there were two young ladies, sisters, named Twitterly, who were of a highly nervous imaginative temperament, and who were also greatly addicted to the reading and telling of ghost stories. These girls longed to pay a visit to the Haunted Chamber at Groby, concerning which some wonderful stories had been told them. "When could we have a more favorable opportunity than this?" whispered Clara to Agnes, as they stood in a corner apart from the merry throng of dancers. "It is the last night of the old year, and the clock will soon strike twelve. The upper part of the house must be quite deserted. If the ghost of Ralph Lilburne does ever walk it is as likely to walk on this night as on any night in the year."

"I will come, dear Clara," replied Agnes, in an impassioned tone. "We might see Something. How dreadfully nice it would be!"

So the Misses Twitterly stole away unperceived up stairs, and Clara softly opened the door of the Haunted Chamber. To her surprise the room was not wrapped in darkness, for a candle was burning on the centre table. The girls' eyes were instantly fascinated by the portrait of Ralph Lilburne. The dim light made him seem singularly life-like. "It looks more like a real man than a picture," whispered Agnes. Instead of replying articulately, Clara uttered a low cry of terror, and clasped her sister's hand. It is one thing to anticipate seeing a supernatural appearance; it is another and a much more terrifying thing to see it in reality. *Both the girls distinctly saw the right hand of the portrait move out of the canvas! In another moment the entire figure followed, stepped noiselessly on to the carpet, and advanced toward them!* The Misses Twitterly uttered a simultaneous shriek, and rushed hand in hand down the staircase, closely followed by the doughty Cavalier. On such trying occasions there is much consolation in the presence of a multitude, so the Misses Twitterly fled for refuge, still shrieking loudly, into the midst of the brilliantly lighted hall. The Spectre followed them. To the company generally, who were unaware of the uncanny fashion in which Ralph had stepped from his frame, there was nothing terrifying in his aspect. They simply saw a handsome young man, correctly attired in the costume of Charles I.'s day, and they not unnaturally regarded him as one of the characters in the Calico Ball, and crowded curiously round him. It was then that the indefatigable Mr. Chiltoe, as mentioned above, asked them to give the gallant warrior room to move. As soon as Ancestor Ralph was released by Mr. Chiltoe's exertions from the surrounding pressure, he advanced toward the Lady Mildred, and making her a low bow, offered her his arm. Lady Mildred accepted it with a gracious smile, but with perfect self-possession, as if ghosts were as common as guardsmen. The next moment Mr. Chiltoe, with a grotesque obeisance, offered his arm to the Lady Hilda, who accepted it with equal readiness. The quartette then advanced with slow and stately steps toward the fire-place, followed at a respectful distance by the rest of the company, among whom the Misses Twitterly were not the least interested.

Just as they arrived within a few paces of the earl and countess, the clock in the great tower clanged out the hour of twelve.

The new year had begun!

"I desire," said the Spectre, solemnly, "to confer with your lordship privately in your library. I will name the other members of this company whom I wish to be present at this interview. They are these: her Ladyship the Countess of Egglesthorpe, her two elder daughters, the Ladies Mildred and Hilda, Sir Anthony Ammerdown, and my old and faithful friend, Mr. Samuel Chiltoe."

The Spectre bowed with profound gravity to each person in succession as he mentioned his or her name. "The remainder of our friends," he added, including the rest of the assemblage in one courteous and comprehensive salute, "will be good enough to resume dancing until our business is completed."

"This is quite too delightful," whispered Agnes Twitterly to her sister, as the Spectre and his chosen companions retired in the direction of the library. "It is like a chapter of the *Mysteries of Udolpho* performed in real life."

"But I think, dear Agnes, you and I should have been treated as privileged guests, and invited to share in this mysterious council. Our eyes alone saw him descend from the frame in which he had been fixed motionless for ever so long; our eyes alone saw him once more metamorphosed into a thing of life!"

"Perhaps he was annoyed at our intrusion."

"Possibly he was. It is curious that now I don't feel the least afraid of him."

"Nor I."

"He is so good looking."

"And no one would take him for a gh—for an inhabitant of the invisible world, don't you know, unless you knew, as we know, that he was one."

"He feels so substantial."

"You did not touch him, Clara!"

"I did, indeed, in the crowd, and he felt exactly like any body else."

"Oh! Clara, I'm afraid you have no sense of reverence."

On reaching the library, the company, convoyed by the Spectre, found the lamps lighted, and Mr. Kexby, the family lawyer, and Mr. Knoyle, the bailiff, seated at the table, on which lay an ample array of documents. These two gentlemen rose and bowed respectfully. They did not appear in the least surprised or disconcerted at the appearance of the Spectre, a circumstance which especially perplexed the earl.

"I do not believe in ghosts," said his lordship, "at the same time I am bound to confess, Sir," he continued, addressing himself to the Spectre, "that you bear a very strong resemblance to the portrait of a respected forefather of mine, commonly known in the family as Ancestor Ralph. May I take the liberty of asking your name?"

"For a few moments I prefer to keep my name a secret," replied the Spectre.

"May I ask the object of this mysterious summons to the library?"

"In that respect your lordship's curiosity shall be immediately gratified. Not long ago, in this room, you effected an important transfer of property?"

"Yes, I know I did. I was driven up into a corner, and I couldn't help myself."

"You need not repent the transaction. I am the bearer of good news." Here the Spectre drew a roll of parchment from his bosom. "My lord, permit me to return to you the title-deeds of Groby Castle."

"You're very kind," said the earl, "but I can't afford to buy back the estate. I've no money. Mr. Chiltoe's check has melted away irrevocably—gone to satisfy the claims of my creditors. Kexby told me so."

"No pecuniary compensation is needed," answered the Spectre.

"I don't understand," said the earl. "I'm thoroughly puzzled. Besides, what about Mr. Chiltoe? Has he no voice in the matter? Is he willing to cancel his bargain?"

"Mr. Chiltoe and I are in partnership in this affair," said the Spectre, gravely, "and we demand a reward, though not a money reward, for the restoration of your title-deeds."

"Not a money reward!" exclaimed the earl. "Why, what else can stir the enthusiasm of a newly fledged landed proprietor?"

"This," said the Spectre, "the fair hand of the Lady Mildred." And he raised it to his ghostly lips and kissed it. The lady endured the gallant salute with the most engaging amiability.

"My dear Algy!" interposed the countess, excitedly, "you must not permit this, you really must not! Not even for the sake of recovering Groby. Mildred has promised Sir Anthony—"

"That she will marry any gentleman of Sir Anthony's selection," said Mildred. "Is it not so, Sir Anthony?"

"It is," replied the ex-minister. "And as your daughter appears to approve of the choice, I make my decision in favor of this gentleman in trunk-hose."

"Ladies and gents," exclaimed Mr. Chiltoe, in his vulgarest tones, "please don't forget poor little Me. Me and Hancestor Ralph are in Co. together. He pairs hoff with the Lady Mildred, and Hi, Hi claim the 'and of the lovely Lady 'Ilda!"

"And I accept Mr. Chiltoe's proposal," said the Lady Hilda, smiling and blushing, "provided papa and mamma will give their consent."

"I'm more puzzled than ever!" exclaimed the earl.

"I'm lost in the profoundest astonishment!" cried the countess.

"Permit me to explain matters," said Lawyer Kexby, quietly stepping forward. "I took the liberty of mentioning to Sir Anthony, as he is an old and stanch family friend, that your lordship was in pecuniary difficulties. He said he would help you if he could do so without hurting your lordship's feelings. Then we all laid our heads together and concocted a plot. Every body was in the conspiracy except your lordship and her ladyship, the countess. Mr. Chiltoe—" Here the lawyer made a significant gesture, whereupon the little gentleman addressed divested himself of a beard, wig, and spectacles, and revealed the features of a small but handsome dark-haired young man.

"Mr. Alfred Hall Bowling, of the *Scamperdown*!" exclaimed the countess.

"Leftenant Har Hen, eh! Lady Egglesthorpe?" replied the *soi-disant* Chiltoe. "I hope your ladyship will forgive me all my tricks. If you knew the martyrdom I have endured wearing that meltingly oppressive wig and beard, and the danger I have incurred of vulgarizing myself for life by forgetting how to pronounce my h's, I am sure you would forgive me!"

"You will forgive him, mamma, won't you?" said Hilda, throwing her arms round her mother's neck. Who could resist her pretty airs of fascination?

"I begin to suspect," said the earl, with the old merry twinkle kindling in his eyes, "that Ancestor Ralph is also an impostor."

"Well, I must admit that he is," answered Sir Anthony; "he does not belong to the seventeenth century at all. He is a certain tall son of mine, for whom I entertain a considerable regard, and who, I hope, if he works hard and does his duty, may live some day to be her Majesty's representative at Washington, Paris, or Berlin. Take off your wig, Edgar, and show yourself in your real colors."

"Sir Anthony," said the earl, clasping his old friend's hand, "I shall never forgive you."

"Nor I," added the countess, with a smile. And she kissed the old statesman's wrinkled cheek. "Yes, I'll forgive you on one condition. That you will tell us how you managed it all."

"I won't promise," replied Sir Anthony, "to let the whole of the cat out of the bag at once, but I'll disclose this much. I felt great pleasure in spending some of my money in helping an old friend out of a difficulty, and I knew, for certain tender reasons" (here he glanced at Mildred), "that Edgar would be my stanch ally. Just then, as luck would have it, Mr. Bowling came home on sick-leave. Not very sick, I suspect—an affection of the chest which I may venture to designate as Hildamania. Well, I didn't grudge putting my hand in my pocket to help you, my old friend, but I determined to have some fun for my money, and I think I've had it. By-the-way, we haven't done any damage to your lordship's family picture. Ancestor Ralph was carefully removed from his frame, and when the right moment came Edgar took his place. That pair of ghost-loving sisters visited the Haunted Chamber just at the right mo-